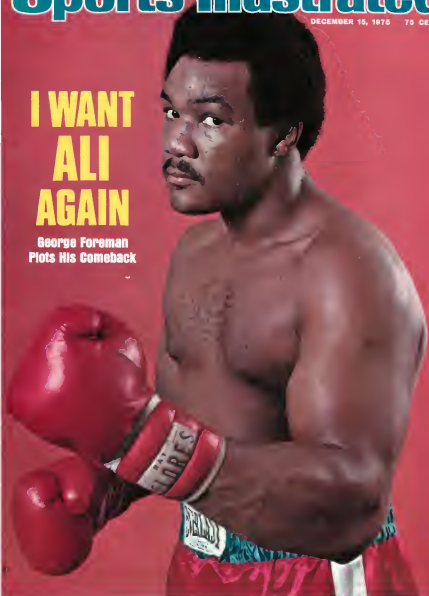


Sports Illustrated

DECEMBER 15, 1975 75 CENTS

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Next Week

THE SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR is honored in our year-end issue, which also features pro football's climactic games, Robert Cantwell's salute to sport in colonial America, Frank Deford's beautiful bow to the Great Sports Banquet in the Sky, recollections of a Yuletide angling holiday in Africa, a bridge quiz with a hand for each of the 12 days of Christmas, and overviews of the bowl

[illegible]



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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

The combination of writer and subject was a natural. Former world heavyweight champion George Foreman, who makes his home in California, hails from Texas. Associate Editor Bud Shrake, no lightweight himself at 6'6" and 220 pounds, was raised and still resides in the Lone Star State. So when SI agreed to publish Foreman's reminiscences—and his plans for a comeback—which begin on page 80, Senior Editor Robert Ottum asked Shrake to take on the assignment. Shrake and Foreman had met before George's championship bout with Joe Frazier in 1973. At that time Foreman was training at a not very elegant camp in Hayward, Calif. "Mostly I remember that we talked about chicken-fried steaks and chili," says Shrake. "I odd was definitely George's favorite subject."

As Shrake packed his suitcase and tape recorder for the trip to the boxer's lavish new digs in Livermore, he realized that some things about Foreman probably had changed since the Hayward days and George's 22-month tenure as world champion. Still, he was unprepared for the ex-champion's new life-style. "I drove up this long, winding driveway, parked the car and got out," says Shrake. "I knew that Foreman had dogs, not to mention a hulk, a pet lion and several horses. As I was about to walk to the house, a voice called, 'Don't move. Stand right there for a minute.' That was when I looked around and found myself standing next to a tiger." Shrake immediately decided his minute was up and stepped rapidly away. "When it comes to choosing between obeying a heavyweight who's told me to stand still or getting away from the proximity of a tiger even a small tiger—I'll take moving every time," he says.

Shrake remained with Foreman for five days, preferring, for obvious reasons, to do his interviewing at the fighter's tigerless gym, "a rather weird looking place in Livermore's shopping center." Shrake found Foreman congenial

but, as befits a man who has had such dramatic ups and downs in the ring, inclined to be moody. "He would take long walks in the woods with his dogs, and one day, when sparring partner Dwain Bonds hit George over his eye—just as he was before his bout with Ali in Zaire—Foreman quit working out and sat in the locker room, sulking," says Shrake. Aside from boxing, what did the two Texans talk about? "Chicken-fried steaks and chili, of course," Shrake says.

About a week after Shrake's Livermore visit ended, Foreman headed for New York's Catskill Mountains to begin his comeback with a charity bout against Jody Ballard. Ottum met him after the match at the Concord Hotel. "Big George didn't bring his tiger or lion East, so he made pets of all the kids, instead," says Ottum. "On one trek through the hotel lobby Foreman was surrounded by little admirers, and for some reason all the kids were carrying toy batons. One of them solemnly presented Foreman with his. 'You can keep it,' he said. 'Really?' replied Foreman joyfully. 'I mean, you're serious, I can keep it.'" So Big George went through the remainder of the evening carrying this tiny baton in his huge paw."

Thus Foreman's story is a double collaboration. The first two-thirds, which cover his past and some of his hopes for the future, were done with Shrake. But Foreman saved the last third of his tale until after his victory over Ballard, and it was then that Ottum stepped in. "That way he could talk about his reaction to the fight while it was still completely fresh in his mind," says Ottum. "What I remember best is sitting far into the night in Foreman's room, with George relaxing in an easy chair, talking hopefully about what lies ahead and spinning his tiny gift baton."

Sack Meyers

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

POLITICAL BASEBALL

Despite the success of Ping-Pong diplomacy with China, the Ford administration has said, at least for the moment, that it will not go along with a plan to initiate baseball diplomacy (SI, Nov. 24) with Cuba. The proposal to send a group of major-leaguers to Havana in March to perform against a Cuban all-star team may have been vetoed for the poorest of reasons: domestic politics.

Secretary of State Kissinger has acknowledged that the Havana trip, organized by two young independent television producers, Barry Jagoda and Richard Cohen, with the support of Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn, has been shelved, but he has given no reason for that decision. State Department officials say that Kissinger has rejected the idea because of Cuban military involvement in the Angolan civil war, the Castro government's persistent support of Puerto Rican independence and Cuba's vote in favor of last month's United Nations resolution that declared Zionism a form of racism.

But the use of these international considerations as an excuse to prevent the baseball trip is suspect, particularly when it is remembered that the U.S. table tennis team was allowed to visit China at the same time the People's Republic was supplying arms to North Vietnamese forces that were involved in a shooting war with American troops.

State Department officials also revealed another—and perhaps the real—reason for disapproval of the Havana visit when they told George Godda of the Associated Press that Ford is reluctant to make a sporting gesture of friendship toward Cuba at a time when it might cost him conservative votes in Republican Presidential primaries next February and March.

The State Department has indicated that the antitrip decision might yet be reversed, and it should be, especially if it did indeed arise from domestic political concerns. No one expects a visit to

Cuba by American big-leaguers to create an instant atmosphere of universal good will—in sport or in politics—but at least it would be a welcome step in that direction.

'TIS THE SEASON

The war between some motorcyclists and such conservationist groups as the Sierra Club moves on. Bikers who bristle at proposals that would restrict their freedom of movement are being urged in ads appearing in *Cycle News* and other publications to buy special T-shirts "just in time for Christmas." The T-shirts bear the message IMPROVE THE DESERT. PLANT A SIERRA CLUBBER.

THE SOURCE

American track coaches at the NCAA cross-country championships two weeks ago (SI, Dec. 8) were griping again about foreign athletes running for U.S. colleges. The University of Texas at El Paso and Washington State, which finished one-two, had eight foreigners among their 10 scoring runners.

What is remarkable about this is not so much that these top runners are foreign as that seven are Kenyans and, moreover, that five of the seven come from the same section of Kenya (Rift Valley, one of that country's eight provinces). The five had competed against one another in the Rift Valley high school cross-country championships in 1971, and three of them (John Ngeno and Joshua Kimeto of Washington State and Sammy Maritim of UTEP) finished one-two-three in Kenya's national high school championship the same year. Indeed, Rift Valley runners took eight of the first nine places in that race.

Kenya, which is slightly smaller than Texas in area, has a population of more than 13 million, but of the 25 or so Kenyans now on track scholarships in the U.S., 17 are from Rift Valley. Kenya has more than 40 tribal groups, but runners from just two of these tribes—including such heroes as Kipchoge Keino and Ben

Jipcho—have accounted for all 45 track medals that Kenya has won in the Olympic and Commonwealth Games. Furthermore, outstanding runners from neighboring Ethiopia, Tanzania and Uganda come from tribes that are closely related to these two.

HOMAGE TO GOTHAM

An approving comment on New York comes from our Kansas City correspondent Ted O'Leary, who says, "Out here in the hinterlands New York has been getting a bad press. We are led to believe that its people are either bums who live off the public trough or the pampered rich. But now we hear about the Brooklyn College football team, and our attitude changes. We read that Vince Gargano, the head coach, had his salary reduced from \$3,200 to nothing be-



cause of the city's budget crisis, and that his players buy their own shoes and practice in their old high school jerseys. We note that the team's budget this season was \$8,500, a sum that wouldn't pay the recruiting phone bill at a lot of big colleges. Gargano said that the school got its players the best helmets money could buy, but had to scrimp on other things, such as buying meals for the team on game days. Yet Brooklyn got through its season (six wins, one defeat) and was invited to play in the Coco Bowl in San Juan against the Inter-American University of Puerto Rico (Brooklyn won 50-12). To acustom themselves to San Juan's tropical heat, the players worked out in the furnace room at Roose-

continued

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vett Hall on the Brooklyn campus. "There is a nice spirit," said Dr. Charles Tobey, the school's athletic director. "Maybe that's the way athletics should be."

"Maybe so," our correspondent concludes, "and maybe such football hotbeds as Norman, Okla.; Columbus, Ohio; Tuscaloosa, Ala.; South Bend, Ind. and Lincoln, Neb. could learn something positive about their favorite sport from much-maligned New York."

HEY, WHAT'S HAPPENING?

Here is a report from Golf and Football Writer Dan Jenkins' Department of Tracking Down Spicy Rumors at the Close of the Year.

Rumor: The NFL is sure to go to a 16-game regular season in 1976. Some players are in favor of it. By adding to the season's games they would lose two of these hated exhibitions and make more money.

Our spies say: Not likely very soon, and certainly not in 1976.

Rumor: The Masters will eliminate the 18-hole playoff on Monday in case of a tie, and go to "sudden death" on Sunday, starting on hole No. 1. Why? A growing feeling that playoffs are antithematic—and that the Monday TV audience is deplorably small.

Our spies say: Very possible.

Rumor: Joe Namath will retire as a player and replace Alex Karras on ABC-TV's Monday Night Football.

Our spies say: If the money can be worked out, probably. Namath was first choice to take over for Don Meredith.

Rumor: Oklahoma's Leroy Selmon, the renowned defensive lineman, and California's Chuck Muncie, the all-purpose back, will be the first two collegians selected in the NFL draft.

Our spies say: Absolutely, if Tampa and Seattle are as smart as the rest of the league.

THE PHILANTHROPIST

Philanthropy, historically, is the offspring of great wealth. It is refreshing to note then, that as the salaries of professional athletes have increased, so, too, has their generosity—of a few, anyway. Notable among these is Muhammad Ali. In New York to promote his new book, Ali heard on an evening TV newscast that the city's Hillside Aged Program was to be closed for lack of money. Hillside serves elderly people, including Jewish

refugees from Nazi persecution during and before World War II, but the inflation-recession bind had Hillside on the ropes—until Ali appeared the morning after the newscast.

"I understand you need a lot of money to stay open," he said. "I'll give it to you." He pledged \$100,000, and Hillside's directors announced later in the day that the center would remain open indefinitely. Ali stayed for an hour or so, chatting with the old folks and kissing the ladies on the cheek. His visit to the home had been spontaneous, and reporters did not hear about it until after he had gone. Asked later to explain, Ali said, "You just don't announce things like that. They're not for publicity. Service to others is the rent I pay for my room here on earth."

SCORE ONE FOR THE AAU

Those who saw the 1972 U.S. men's Olympic Track and Field Trials at Eugene, Ore., will remember a bizarre aspect of that scene: the campus at the University of Oregon resembled a refugee camp. Most of the 500 athletes who were competing had paid their own way to the Trials (many had hitchhiked) and a great number of them were scrounging around for sleeping places anywhere, even on floors in the dormitories.

At the Amateur Athletic Union's 88th annual convention last week in New Orleans one of the priorities was to establish better conditions for the 1976 Trials, which will be in Eugene next June, and it is good to report that the AAU *can* do some things right. Thanks primarily to the efforts of Dr. Leroy Walker and Pat Rico, who head the men's and women's track and field committees respectively, the USOC has agreed to pay the athletes' transportation costs to the Trials. Living expenses at Eugene will come from gate receipts. Even so, there still may not be sufficient funds for all who meet the Olympic qualifying standards, but that apparently is not a deterrent. "We thought of limiting the fields in order to save money," Dr. Walker says, "but we felt it would not be fair. If we get 60 sprinters who qualify, we want all of them to go to Eugene. If we need more money, we'll just have to find more money." In events in which few, if any, American athletes are likely to meet the standards—as in the women's shot put—a minimum of 12 will be invited to compete.

Last chance to qualify will be in the 1976 AAU championships at UCLA a week before the Trials. For the first time the men's and women's championships will be conducted jointly, as will the Trials themselves. "The women need to be exposed to large crowds, to quality facilities and expertise," says Pat Rico. "In 1972 we had the women's Trials at a high school in Frederick, Md., and only a couple of thousand spectators came."

BIG RED LIVES

Remember Big Red, the mascot pig of the Cooper City (Fla.) High School football team whose big moment was to come at the end of the season when she was to become the main course at the team's barbecue? There was such a protest over Red's intended fate (Scorecard, Oct. 20) that school officials finally moved to spare the suddenly famous sow. Last week at the barbecue Big Red was there, alive, and two other pigs of lesser celebrity were the main course.

And the future? "The principal of Pompano Beach High has some bear hugs," says Cooper City High Principal Donald Linton, "and we're going to make Big Red and produce some little Reds." Adds the principal, sighing, "I still can't believe a pig can get this much publicity."

THEY SAID IT

- Paul Wigan, coach of the injury-ridden Kansas City Chiefs, on his search for a healthy defensive back: "He doesn't have to be all-pro. It's now to the point of asking whether he can run backward and yell for help at the same time."
- Jack Riley, coach of the victorious 1960 U.S. Olympic hockey team, on America's slim chances of winning again in 1976: "The U.S. team is preparing for the Olympic Games by playing Boston College, New Hampshire, Dartmouth. The Russians are preparing by playing the Bruins, the Flyers, the Canadiens."
- Walt Frazier, of the New York Knicks, on the broadening effect college has had on his brother Keith, now at Kansas State: "He's becoming more open. Last time I talked to him he even said three words: 'Send me money.'"
- Dallas Hickman, Washington Redskins defensive end from the University of California, asked who gave him the nickname "Berkeley": "George Allen. He told me he can't stand Dallas." **END**

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THE BAD BOY WHO



Nastase, the old court jester—and gesturer—finally eschewed his bad manners when he

WENT GOOD

Well, at least temporarily. After the disgraceful behavior that almost cost him a place in the semifinals, Ilie Nastase produced some marvelous tennis to defeat the hometown favorite at the Masters tournament in Stockholm **by CLIVE GAMMON**



was granted a reprieve by Arthur Ashe, ironically the man whom he most offended,

Sprawled in an aisle of the *Tennis-Allén* in Stockholm last week, feet stuck out like invasion barges, jaws chomping steadily in gloomy concentration, great predatory nose twitching, Ilie Nastase watched Arthur Ashe play Manuel Orantes in the last of the preliminary round-robin matches of the Commercial Union Masters Tournament.

It was a contest that was hardly important to Ashe. He had already qualified for the semifinals. But it mattered a great deal to Nastase and to Orantes. If Orantes won, he could join Ashe, Bjorn Borg and Guillermo Vilas in the playoffs. Otherwise the place would go to

Nastase. And to an outsider, the odds had to be heavily stacked in Orantes' favor. To begin with, he had all the motivation in the world to win. The Masters, a tournament of increasing stature that brings together the eight top-scoring players on the Commercial Union Life Assurance Grand Prix circuit, offered a first prize of \$40,000. Also, as even a casual observer of the tennis scene could attest, Arthur had no special reason for extending a friendly, helping hand to Ilie.

Only a few days previously, indeed, summoning up what is probably the most pejorative word in his gentlemanly vo-

continued



Ilie gracefully sealed the truce with Arthur by means of a bouquet and a trace of a smile

cabulary, Ashe had called Nastase "that ass." For an uncomfortable 24 hours, until a committee of officials in hasty conclave reversed the umpire's decision to disqualify both Nastase and Ashe and declared Ashe the winner of their early match, the president of the Association of Tennis Professionals (Ashe) was in the undignified position of being equally penalized for a joint public pratfall with the biggest clown in sport (Nastase). Up in the stands, therefore, furiously pounding his gum, Nastase might have been justifiably pessimistic.

The story of the trouble is confused but it seems clear that the night before the tournament started, Nastase was holding court in the cocktail bar of the Grand Hotel in Stockholm. "I'm going to drive Ashe crazy tomorrow," an eavesdropper claims to have heard him say. "I'm going to give him all the old tricks and some of my new ones." At this point,

Ashe entered. "Hi, Negroni," Nastase hailed him familiarly. "I'm going to give you a hard time tomorrow."

What is in the public domain is that at 15-40, with Ashe ahead 4-1 in the final set, Nastase served before Ashe was ready. After losing the second set, Nastase had bashed the ball against the side board very close to the linesman who had called his last shot out. He had been warned then and he was warned again when Ashe caught the ball on the premature serve. "All the time he isn't ready," Nastase yelled. Then he began to mime serve. Ashe walked off a moment before the German referee, Horst Klosterkemper, could disqualify Nastase, and was disqualified also.

So as Nastase watched Ashe fail to take advantage of six break points against Orantes in the fourth game, the gum took an even worse beating. But then, considering maybe that he had tortured Nastase enough, Ashe began to play, committing himself at the net, pushing the game at Orantes. He tied the first set at 4-4 and won 6-4. When he took the first game of the second set, Nastase unwound himself, stopped chomping, and moved off.

Even Nastase, though, could hardly have foretold the astonishing surrender that Orantes was about to make. In the second set the Spaniard offered a public concession of the match, losing 12 of the last 13 points and ending by wildly banging the ball out of the court. Handed an alibi after the game, he turned it down. "I wasn't tired," he said. "I'm still fresh. But all week things have not been quite right . . . it is political." He implied that the Swedish crowd had been against him because of recent events in Spain, though in fact the fans had shown exemplary sportsmanship even when their hero Borg was playing. (Later, after winning the doubles title with Juan Gisbert, Orantes admitted he might have exaggerated. "It's been a long season," he said.) By the weekend, then, the form of the semifinals had emerged. Ashe had even cleared up the Nastase problem. "He's been very nice to me today," he said, after beating Orantes. "Why shouldn't he be? I've just given him the \$40,000 chance." Old Nasty himself sealed the truce with a bouquet of flowers. "If I meet him in the final," said Arthur, "I won't be walking off again. Things are completely normal now."

But before such a final could be played,



Borg was looking for someplace to hide as

Ashe had to beat Borg and Nastase had a seemingly much tougher task in meeting Vilas, the winner of the 1974 Masters at Melbourne when he defeated—who else—lie. The sensible money in Stockholm was confident of an Ashe-Vilas final match.

The money was entirely wrong. In the first semifinal, Ashe started lethargically, losing his first service game. "He's always been a slow starter," a supporter said hopefully. "Most times he's won this year he's lost the first set." As he did on this occasion, 6-4. Ashe's authority was spasmodic. More often there were smashes missed and drop shots placed six inches from the top of the net. The recovery that his friends hoped for seemed to be coming in the second set, when Ashe began to take advantage of Borg's inaccurate first and weak second service, but even though Ashe took it 6-3, there were ominous lapses.

Ashe's recovery could not be maintained. In spite of available break points early in the third set, he went down 6-2 and the real crux came in the fourth when each of the first three games was bitterly contested, moving again and again to deuce. Ashe took one out of the three but it was his last stand. Borg won 6-2 to enter the final.

"I wasn't unsure how to play him. I know how to play him. I've played him on this type of court a million times," Ashe said later, still seemingly bewildered. "He's played against me before just as well as he did today in the last two sets. That first set at Wimbledon he

Guillermo Vilas fell to Nastase in the semis.





Ashe took a bouncing in front of local fans.

was just as good. But my approach shots got me into trouble today." And Ashe had also served seven double faults. "I haven't been serving well this entire tournament," he said. "So that was nothing new today."

More significant, what Ashe probably lost for good was the chance of a double triumph. "I've said before you've got to be strong as an ox to win the WCT and the Masters in one year," he said. "It can be done, but I don't think I'll ever do it now. This was about my last shot at it. I'll be trying again, but not as hard as I did this year."

Anyone arriving half an hour after the start of the Nastase-Vilas semifinal would have missed the first set because Nastase had it wrapped up in 23 minutes flat, score 6-0. In the second set Vilas' only achievement was to stiffen a helter-skelter rout into an orderly retreat: at one point he stood holding his head in both hands, visibly trying to compel himself to concentrate on his attack. But a fighting retreat was all he could manage. Nastase was outplaying him all the time, making him come to the net instead of working, as he likes to, from the base line and forcing him into volleying errors. Nastase, 6-3. In what was to be the last set, four successive games went against service but the final break was in Nastase's favor as Vilas drove a forehand shot helplessly into the net. After that, Nastase cruised home, 6-4.

So there it was. Into the semis by the grace of Ashe. Nastase had survived him. "I have not played as well since 1973,"

Nastase said after meeting Vilas. Perhaps significantly, also, he had gone through the match without any serious temper problems, having got rid of his tension in one short, improper piece of advice snarled to a photographer early in the second set. "I think the Masters is my tournament," he declared happily.

Up until this week, indeed, he had reached the finals four times and won the title three times, in 1971, 1972 and 1973. And the \$40,000 now riding on the Borg final would be useful. "Boy, I'm scared nervous," he confessed. "Tomorrow I will have had three years of marriage. So I bought her a fur coat, \$2,000. But everybody has to buy a coat sometime, huh?" This was in sly reference to the sartorial triumph of the Stockholm tournament, the magnificent black bear coat that Borg had bought to protect himself from the sharp Swedash air. The detente symbolized by the bouquet of flowers was being eroded at a fast pace.

The sartorial flop of this affair, by common consent, was the bilious yellow outfit in which Bjorn Borg had appeared through the week. "Like a hard-boiled egg yolk that's been in the water all night," a perceptive critic put it. But on Sunday afternoon in the final, Borg and his yellow were not in the public eye for very long. In fact, they were on display just 65 minutes, a distressingly short period for the program planners of Swedish TV, who had set aside a full three hours for the event. Nastase demolished Borg in even less time than he had taken to dispose of Vilas, in a style that showed not only the limitations of Borg's game but, more important, the classic skills of Nastase that lie on call behind the clowning facade.

Because above all it was an elegant massacre, an outstanding visual image, the lovely, curled backhand strokes from Nastase, and the ball dropping precisely in the corners. From the time that he broke Borg's service in the fourth game, the result was not seriously in doubt. There was a minor Borg revival in the sixth when he leapt high for two successive smashes, with the crowd giving him a sustained, deep-throated Swedish cheer, but then Nastase pushed an almost contemptuous shot past him, turned to the still hopeful fans and puffed out his chest like one of the half-frozen pigeons in the snow outside the *Tennishallen*. In that first set the critical game was probably the seventh when Nastase came back

from 30-40 to win. In the eighth another of his many passing shots put him at set point and he broke Borg.

For everyone except the home crowd the match now offered the satisfaction similar to that which comes when a stylish, classical boxer coldly cuts up a plodder, a comparison that is a little unfair, perhaps, to Borg, but gets to the truth in a reasonable way. The Swede would have been very happy to slug it out from the base line, moving his opponent across the court and finally coming in for a fast kill at the net. But he was never permitted to achieve this. Instead, Nastase kept drawing him closer and closer to the net, bewildering him into more and more misuses, as he had done with Vilas the previous evening. In the last set, Borg's first service had become as innocuous as his second, and Nastase, spooning up drop shots that Borg helplessly smashed into the net, was able to take the time to produce an impudent shimmy for the crowd which, in spite of his disappointment, stayed with Borg until the end, a bitter one for the Swede with the game scores 6-2, 6-2, 6-1.

Long before that end came, somebody said, "The only way that Nasty can lose now is by walking off the court." That wasn't very likely, as Nasty himself made clear when he announced the new reformed Nastase after the match. "This is the second time I concentrate in—how old am I, 29?—in 29 years. The first time was yesterday. I realize now," he went on, deadpan, "that it's good for my game." And good for the game of tennis, he might have added.

END



Ashe's bearskin coat was a smash, anyway.



Bull had not been an effective passer for much of the year, but lets in the first half.

ARKANSAS TELLS AN AGGIE JOKE

It's the one about Texas A&M on its way to an undefeated season and the Cotton Bowl when it meets this Hog

by EDWIN SHRAKE

Did you hear the one about the Aggie fox? He gnawed off three of his feet but not the one in the trap. Even Milton Berle might be reluctant to tell a joke like that, but people would fall down laughing at it in Arkansas this week, now that the Aggies are funny again. Well, not exactly funny perhaps, but at least more vulnerable than at any time in the past few months, when the Texas A&M football team was doing all the laughing.

Until last Saturday afternoon the Aggies were climbing toward the top of the national polls, appeared headed for the Cotton Bowl as Southwest Conference champions and boasted a defensive unit that was carrying them to their first undefeated season in 35 years. The only thing they had to do was beat the University of Arkansas in Little Rock. Ar-

kansas had lost two games—so Texas and Oklahoma State—and Coach Frank Broyles was hearing the yelps of angry fans as they crept closer to the Fayetteville campus, wondering what Broyles had done for them lately.

Broyles had watched from a television booth as the Aggies destroyed the University of Texas with an impressive display of muscle the day after Thanksgiving. When he went home he gathered his own defensive unit together and walked them through the Aggie plays. The Texas A&M defense seemed to be too tough to handle, but Broyles figured the Aggie offense could be dealt with. Mix in a little luck and a good kicking game, Broyles thought, and Arkansas might be able to win a close one. "Actually, we're lucky to be in this position,"

he said early in the week. "A&M knocked Texas back to even with us. Now all we have to do is win this one game. We don't have to win four in a row or anything incredible like that. The Aggies have a great defense, but the fact is so do we. We've had a lot of people hurt on our defense. When they come back, nobody is going to step on us, not the Aggies or anybody else."

"We walked through the Aggie offensive plays until we knew them as well as the Aggies did," said Arkansas Defensive End Johnnie Meadors after the game. "We knew what they were going to run and when. So it was just a matter of stopping them." Broyles told his defense to forget about the Aggies' passing. "If they throw the ball, they won't do it much and they won't hurt us with it," he said.

In the first half on a cool, misty afternoon with an overcast that caused the lights to be turned on, the two defensive units were in charge, though not so much because of their superiority as because of offensive ineptness. Arkansas was playing without its two best running backs (one of them, Ike Forte, got into the game briefly) and without the quarterback who had started the season. The Aggies were without the quarterback who started last week against Texas but did have the services of Mike Shipman, who had been No. 1 earlier in the year. For whatever reason, both offenses kept making mistakes. Arkansas twice missed receivers open for touchdowns on halfback passes, and the Aggies blew a 22-yard field goal. As the game lumbered on, boring and scoreless, there seemed to be a faint crackling sound in the air—the sound of millions of television sets being cut off around the country.

Then the Aggies shanked a punt out of bounds on their 41—the sort of break Broyles had been hoping for—and Razorback Quarterback Scott Bull, a senior who had been less than sensational as a passer, threw to Flanker Teddy Barnes deep in the end zone with 34 seconds remaining. Barnes was well covered by two defenders, but one went up prematurely and in doing so screened out the other. Barnes timed his own leap perfectly and made a tumbling catch just inside the back line. The effect on the Aggies was numbing. It had seemed as if they might get out of the half 0-0 even though they were outplayed, but now it was 7-0 and the touchdown looked like a mountain.

It was only the second time this year the Aggies had been behind at the half. Down 14-13 to Rice, A&M scored twice at the start of the third period to put the game away. But against Arkansas the Aggies looked dazed as the Razorbacks got more exercised and confident. The Arkansas defense began flowing onto the ball so fast that one might have suspected the Razorbacks did indeed know what was being said in the Aggie huddle. Early in the third quarter Bull threw to Tight End Doug Yoder for a 35-yard gain to set up a seven-yard touchdown run by Micheal Forrest.

Still stalled, the Aggies benched Shipman and went with freshman Quarterback Keith Baker, who fumbled three times. Shipman returned long enough to

fumble himself and Meadows recovered in the end zone for another third-period touchdown that, with an earlier 33-yard field goal by Steve Little, put Arkansas ahead 24-0. All of which convinced A&M there was little use hoping for that national championship.

"By then we could hear the Aggies talking to each other and we knew they were falling apart," said Arkansas Defensive End Ivan Jordan. Razorback Guard Mike Campbell had detected signs of an Aggie collapse even sooner. "They got mad," he said. "Their center complained to the referee that I was lining up offside. That was because he couldn't block me and he didn't know how to take it. We got on them so quick that it upset them."

Baker did run 24 yards for a touch-

down that gave the Aggies a chance with eight minutes left, but another fumble ruined the opportunity and led to the final touchdown in a 31-6 Arkansas victory.

"Our defense out-Aggied the Aggies," said a happy Broyles after Arkansas had received its official Cotton Bowl invitation. A&M, which wound up in a three-way tie with Texas and Arkansas for the SWC championship, will face USC in the Liberty Bowl, while Texas goes to the Bluebonnet Bowl against Colorado.

"I'm embarrassed for Aggies everywhere," said A&M Coach Emory Bellard. "We did a pathetic job. We played miserably in a situation where we needed to play exceptionally. To come this far and then not reach our goal, it makes me sick." Or, as the Aggie joke has it, a long way but still in the trap. **END**

...he found Barnes in the end zone to give Arkansas the lead and, eventually, the game.



CAPTAIN KORN USED HIS HEAD

San Francisco struggled through three overtimes to get to the NCAA soccer finals, but once there the Dons routed the favored hometowners of Southern Illinois and their leader bopped in a goal himself **by SAM MOSES**

Soccer will eventually make it big in the U.S.," said one fan to another at the NCAA championships in Edwardsville, Ill. last week. "But it would happen a whole lot faster if it weren't for one thing."

"Like what?" asked the other.

"The players' names," said the first. "Howard University is the defending champion, right? Look at their roster: Tunde Balogun, Yomi Bamuro, Sunday Izebugie. . . Kids have to identify with players before they can really get into any sport. Whoever heard of a father telling his son to drink his milk so he can grow up to be like Sunday Izebugie?"

Foreign-born players, who so dominate collegiate soccer, could always oblige by changing their names to Biff Magee, or at least taking two-syllable tags, like Pelé. For the next year, however, that won't be necessary, because the new NCAA champion is a school whose roster includes its share of odd names—an Andy Atuegbu here and a Kjell Tvedt there—but at least, by gosh, the Dons of San Francisco University have a leader they call plain old Paul Korn. Captain Korn, if you please, from San Francisco by the Bay. On Saturday the Dons edged Brown 2-1 in the semifinal and on Sunday scored a mighty upset by beating Southern Illinois 4-0 in the final. And Captain Korn even took his team to church on Saturday night.

Going into the semifinals, Howard was favored to repeat as champion, mostly because it had eliminated Clemson, ranked No. 1 in the nation at the end of the season by the Intercollegiate Soccer Association of America, in regional play-offs a week earlier. In the NCAA's Southern region, however, No. 5-ranked Howard had been seeded above Clemson by the NCAA's regional selection committee, a decision that particularly incensed Clemson's coach, Ibrahim Ibrahim, who

as rating chairman of the ISAA was responsible for ranking college teams. The seeding meant that when Clemson met Howard in the regional playoffs, the game was played on Howard's humpy field in Washington, D.C., and the Bisons won 3-1.

SIU had earned its spot among the final four by beating its neighbor and nemesis—and 1972 and 1973 national champion—St. Louis 2-1. Brown got there by beating No. 3-ranked Cornell 3-0, which was especially gratifying for the Bruins because they had lost their regular-season game to Cornell, and had backed into a tie for the Ivy League championship when the Big Red blew its last two league games. San Francisco had the best record of any team at Edwardsville. The Dons' only loss in 22 games had come at the feet of rugged Philadelphia Textile the day after San Francisco had smashed St. Louis in the season opener 5-2.

Captain Korn had accurately predicted that the Dons would beat Brown in the semifinals by 2-1, but he never thought it would require three overtimes. San Francisco used a fierce, icy wind to good advantage in controlling the first half—the Dons took 12 shots and allowed the Bruins only three—yet neither team could score. Each registered once in the second half and then struggled scorelessly through the first two overtime periods. After 127 minutes of play, the Dons' Greg McKeown faced Brown's goalkeeper, Dave Flaschen, one-on-one. McKeown looked Flaschen in the eye, dared him, drew him out, did a stutter-step, then flipped the ball to forward Mal Roche, who put San Francisco in the finals by slamming it into the net.

The second semi was not quite as tame, and its star, SIU freshman Greg Villa, succinctly summed it up, "Howard came out hittin' and we were ready for 'em."

For confirmation, Villa displayed a fat lip. In all, the Cougars and the Bisons drew 43 fouls and eight yellow caution cards, a formal warning for a serious foul—two of them and you're out. Three players were ejected from the game.

Villa, a 6', 190-pound striker, shot 14 times and set up SIU's first goal at 5:30 when one of his shots bounced off the crossbar and was knocked into the net by Tim Twellman. Villa got an assist. Then Lincoln Peddie, Howard's top scorer, put in an equalizer. With about 7:30 left in the half, Villa nearly kicked Bison



Gearie Allen Gillem in the teeth. It was apparently an accident, but Gillem is an adventurous spirit, always ready to leave the net, and had already been knocked around quite a bit. The real trouble started a minute later. Peddie shoved the Cougars' best defensive player, Greg Makowski, while they were racing for a loose ball and Makowski flipped Peddie to the ground, using the corn-row braids in Peddie's hair for a handle. Both were thrown out.

Early in the second period Villa stole the ball from Fullback Samuel Acquah and charged in for a goal. Taking a pass from Steve Axmacher, he scored again at 17:13 of the half to make it 3-1. A few moments after that, Howard's Dominic Ezecans nailed Villa with a body block in midjump. Villa got up slowly and wobbled to the bench, bleeding from the mouth and clutching his thigh. No penalty was called, except that normally

mild-mannered Midfielder John Zacheis was banished from the Cougar bench and the game for expressing his displeasure with the referee's evaluation of the incident. The referees worked the rest of the game with their hands hovering over their pockets, yellow cards at the ready.

"I think the guys got frustrated," said Howard Coach Lincoln Phillips, explaining his team's aggressiveness. "We started to foul unnecessarily." The emotional Howard players, a few of them fighting tears, strode out of the locker room amidst shouts to each other of, "Hold your head high, brothers!"

"I feel like we just won the championship by beating Howard," said SIU Coach Bob Guelker, who coached the 1972 Olympic team. "I'm higher than a kite right now. I feel like it's all over."

Unhappily for Guelker, it wasn't. Next day, SIU looked as if it didn't belong on the same field with San Francisco as the

Dons won with surprising ease. At the half they were up 3-0 on headers by McKeown, Captain Korn and Victor Arbelaez. The final goal was scored by Andy Atuegbu, who was named the tournament's outstanding offensive player. SIU showed little of the opportunism it had displayed the day before, and blew several easy shots. And, as had happened to Howard on Saturday, frustrations begat penalties for SIU.

San Francisco is coached by an American-born, Rumanian-raised, silver-haired strategist named Steve Negoescu, whose own soccer prowess as a 16-year-old enabled him to befriend the guards of a German POW camp and escape. This was Negoescu's 15th consecutive winning season at San Francisco, which has had winning seasons for 30 years. But only once before has a West Coast team won the NCAA title—Negoescu's Dons of 1966, naturally.

END

Dons on way to victory are Mal Roche of England; most valuable offensive player Andy Atuegbu of Nigeria; Salvador Diaz of El Salvador.



NOW THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING ABA

Despite a ton of talent and an attractive game, the league is wasting away. Merger failing, it may well disappear by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

Before Denver's Bobby Jones goes the way of Larry Csonka, James Schlesinger and *Saturday Night Live* with Howard Cosell, it is necessary to point out why he is worth saving and how to go about doing it. Before the Denver Nuggets follow the Baltimore Claws, the San Diego Sails, the Utah Stars and the late and great New York City to that crowded bankruptcy court in the sky, it is mandatory to discuss why the American Basketball Association deserves to exist long past the spring thaw. To put it another way, it seems about time that all professional basketball—players, owners, commissioners. Larry Fleisher, Judge Robert L. Carter, Sonny Hill, everybody—did something to hold back the dawn.

It has been eight years since the ABA was born on a wing and a prayer and George Mikan throwing up the first red-white-and-blue ball, demanding to be taken seriously and making much of its kinship with the American Football League, which had started from scratch, too. As the AFL had done before it in respect to the NFL, the ABA proclaimed that its game was faster and more exciting than the NBA's and insisted that there was room in the U.S. for its 11 franchises. Eight years later, however, all we are guaranteed from the ABA's administrative geniuses are credibility gaps, a receivership sweepstakes and an ongoing disaster presided over by rookie Commissioner Dave DeBusschere and John Y. Brown Jr., who is president of the league and whose wife owns the Kentucky Colonels.

Though overall ABA attendance has increased every year but one, only three of the original 11 cities remain. Though more and better young players have been signed every season, established stars such as Charlie Scott and George McGinnis keep leaving the league while celebrated jump switchers such as Rick Barry and Billy Cunningham end up in the older NBA. Though some people indeed find the ABA game faster, more colorful and exciting, and the three-point

basket the best new wrinkle since the dunk shot, the new league never has caught on the way it should have. And the greatest irony is that just when the ABA is offering the best basketball it has ever played and has probably reached parity on the court with the NBA, the league seems to be withering on the vine. DeBusschere, hired specifically to take his glamorous name and image around the country, pumping up interest in the league, has been unable to stem the mounting disasters.

Aside from daily sins of mismanagement and fumbling ownership—no different from many professional sports operations (or any other business), really—what has hurt the ABA from the beginning has been the lack of a revenue-producing network television contract,

which is where the ABA's and early AFL history part company. Born at a time when the appetite for pro football was becoming insatiable, the AFL always had TV support, and by its sixth season had an NBC network contract with enough money in it to keep the new league solvent. But pro basketball in the 70s is not what pro football was to TV 10 years earlier. The NBA's Sunday afternoon ratings, first on ABC, then on CBS, have hardly been spectacular, and when NBC dropped its hockey telecasts this season, the network opted not for pro basketball and the ABA but for college basketball. The ratings of the college game during its March playoffs increased dramatically over the past few seasons, but the more important reason for the network's choice is that ABA demographics are versonally unattractive to national TV advertisers; the New York Nets are in the No. 1 market, but St. Louis, the next highest team, is in No. 12. (The NBA is covered in Nos. 1 through 9.)

Television is no small matter here or anywhere else. Cotton Fitzsimmons, the coach of the Atlanta Hawks, says, "For-



Former Knick star DeBusschere's domain is 34% smaller than it was just two months ago.



John Y. Jr. is ABA president; Mrs. Brown owns the Colonels.

getting the ABA for a moment, I've always questioned whether the NBA could survive without a TV contract."

The CBS-NBA package is worth \$9 million a year to the older league, \$500,000 going to each of the 18 teams. So the ABA could be said to be one network contract away from solvency.

Or folding. Or merger. A merger is what they think about night and day in the ABA, and not very much less in the NBA—and for exactly the same reasons that AFL and NFL owners finally saw merger as salvation. Competition has guaranteed that players' salaries and bonuses would rise right through the Superdome roof. That escalation—NBA Commissioner Larry O'Brien revealed last week that the average pay in the NBA was \$109,000 a year—in addition to the other rising costs of operating a pro team, has turned enough owners' heads so that the majority of them now see merger as the only way back to sanity. The Philadelphia 76ers' Irv Kosloff says, "There must be only one league, by whatever method it takes to get it done."

But at the moment merger is a topic that cannot be officially discussed under penalty of contempt of court. The ban is on so long as the case of "Oscar Robertson, et al. vs. the National Basketball Association" sits before the federal

bench of the Southern District of New York. This is the suit filed by Robertson and all the NBA players in 1970 that enjoins the NBA from entering into any merger discussions until it is settled. The suit challenges the option clause, compensation rights and the college draft—all of which the players deem illegal for prohibiting them "freedom of movement." At the same time, however, they are collecting their \$8 million or so a week with four months' vacation.

"Big O, et al." is scheduled to be heard in June in a jury trial before Judge Carter, whose preliminary decisions indicate a sympathy for the players' position. Indeed, the judge has advised the NBA to settle out of court, but as a body the owners have ignored all compromise proposals—including the players' "right of first refusal" suggestion, which would make it possible for a team whose employee is playing out his option to match another team's offer to him.

In the unlikely event that the owners win, a path would be clear to a merger in which a whole slew of unhappy Nat Turners would be in total bondage. On the other hand, if the players win (or if the NBA owners change their minds on a compromise), Larry Fleisher, general counsel of the NBA Players Association, says they would not then stand in the way of a merger; to maintain the size of the job market, they would favor it as a matter of self-preservation.

The problem facing the ABA is whether the league can stick it out long enough. Recently the collapse of the Baltimore Claws led to the collapse of the San Diego Sails led to the collapse of the Utah Stars—and that leads to what? Want to bet on the Virginia Squires' survival? (When Dave Robisch, who had been both a Claw and a Sail this year, called his former coach at Denver, Larry Brown, for a job, Brown said something hilarious like, "Sure, Dave, and let you fold up our franchise, too.")

Ironically, several ABA owners would

have preferred to abolish the Virginia and Utah franchises the very week San Diego went cold turkey, in order to get it over with, avoid the domino effect, redistribute the players and come up bobbing and weaving once more with six strong teams ready for a move into the NBA next year. But Virginia is still hanging on—at least until the next payroll.

"It's all over now," Denver's Brown said sadly last week. An original member of the league who has been through it all as player and coach on six different clubs (who can forget the legendary Oakland Oaks?), Brown finally has been beaten down by all the hopes and promises. "The ABA is through after this year," he says. "I've always wanted to coach in the NBA, but I didn't want it to happen like this."

Unfortunately, the options open to the ABA are few.

The league can:

1) Struggle on with seven teams—maybe six—and think about playing again next year with whatever is left. The prospect is incredible boredom, since a spectator can watch Indiana's Billy Keller go bombs away over Kentucky's Louie Dampier just so many times before falling into a stupor.

2) Pack up the tents altogether, putting 70 or 80 players out of jobs, some 40 of whom will immediately try out for and make the NBA. This would create total chaos, not to mention a few hard feelings when some of the longtime NBA names find themselves out in the streets selling Bicentennial pencils.

What is shown on the next page is so reasonable, so logical and makes so much good sense that it does not have a snowman's chance in Hades of being considered. Structured the same way as the National Football League, these proposed American and National Conferences are split into three divisions apiece. The National is composed of 12 teams from the present NBA which would remain in their respective divisions (the present Central being disbanded and Washington shifting to the East), while the American consists of the remaining six NBA teams combined with the six surviving ABA franchises, taking into consideration territorial imperatives, natural rivalries, balance of power and the Suez Canal.

For instance, in the East the Cleveland

—continued

Cavaliers and the Spirits of St. Louis (who will probably move to Cincinnati) would be obvious rivals à la the NFL's Browns and Bengals. The Nets and Braves are in-state enemies, too, and an attraction: they drew 15,000 for an exhibition in Buffalo in October.

While each Central Division team has a traditional rival from the old league in

franchise holders which include stability, character references, a lot of things. The ABA is nameless and faceless." The words bring to mind everyone's description of the players on Mielu's own team last season, when it came out of nowhere to win the NBA title. Except for Rick Barry, the Warriors were "nameless and faceless," too.

NATIONAL CONFERENCE

EAST	CENTRAL	WEST
New York Knicks	Kansas City Kings	Golden State Warriors
Philadelphia 76ers	Detroit Pistons	Los Angeles Lakers
Boston Celtics	Milwaukee Bucks	Portland Trail Blazers
Washington Bullets	Chicago Bulls	Seattle SuperSonics

AMERICAN CONFERENCE

EAST	CENTRAL	WEST
New York Nets	Kentucky Colonels	Denver Nuggets
Buffalo Braves	Indiana Pacers	San Antonio Spurs
Cleveland Cavaliers	Atlanta Hawks	Houston Rockets
Spirits of St. Louis	New Orleans Jazz	Phoenix Suns

the new division (Kentucky-Indiana, Atlanta-New Orleans), each team in the West gains a new but natural opponent from the other league (Denver-Phoenix, Houston-San Antonio).

Interconference games would be played just as in football, so that people in Portland could enjoy Julius Erving and those in San Antonio could marvel at Kareem Abdul-Jabbar. Playoffs would be set up with wild-card berths, just as in football, so that we could all watch the Nets choke, as we watch the Oakland Raiders choke every year.

The conferences are put together precisely for the benefit of the TV networks so that ABC, say, could telecast the games of one conference and CBS the other. Though the initial reaction might be to choose the older conference, how long could a network resist the audience drawn by the incomparable Dr. J? The spectacular David Thompson; the amazing Bob McAdoo; and the likes of Marvin Barnes, George Gervin, Artis Gilmore, John Drew and everybody's favorite white draw, Pistol Pete Maravich?

Of course, this setup is all too sensible ever to work. Even now the brilliant NBA thinkers are unlimbering their ammunition. Franklin Mielu, president of the champion Golden State Warriors, says, "To bring in that many new teams would be sheer folly. We hardly know anything about these men. They would be our partners. We have criteria for

Fitzsimmons of Atlanta repeats a common complaint of the older league. "It's hard enough selling NBA teams," Cotton says. "How would they draw in our arenas? Erving? Thompson? Hey, one man doesn't draw. You draw by putting us on your side of the ledger."

Fitzsimmons' theory underwent scrutiny on the very night he spoke, when his Hawks, leading their division with an unbelievable three-game home winning streak, met the champion Warriors, with the best record in basketball, at the Omni in Atlanta and drew a semisparkling and possibly padded 8,660, the largest crowd of the season. Fitzsimmons was ecstatic, especially after his team got another W.

A week earlier the Denver Nuggets had attracted 9,125 for a contest with the Indiana Pacers, without George McGinnis, and Larry Brown was disappointed at the puny turnout because it was more than 2,500 below the Nuggets' average home attendance.

This contrast between Atlanta and Denver has surfaced before. When Thompson, the NBA's No. 1 draft pick out of North Carolina State, announced last spring he was leaning toward the Nuggets instead of the Hawks, Thomas Cousins, an Atlanta owner, asked, "Who is Denver? They're not even on TV." The Nuggets contented themselves by signing both Thompson and the NBA's No. 3 pick, Marvin Webster, both of them from the Hawks' draft list.

The NBA undoubtedly would demand huge indemnities from ABA teams to enter into a one-league arrangement (New Orleans, the last NBA expansion team, paid a cool \$5 million to get in) but that could be worked out by owners with mutual interests. A more serious difficulty would be the status of those ABA players whose draft rights are also owned by NBA teams.

"There is bad blood everywhere," says Pat Williams, general manager of the 76ers. "One school of thought says that while we have the ABA on the run, let's bury them. I know damn well I want those players whom we drafted. Milwaukee would demand Erving. Atlanta would demand Thompson. Chicago would demand Artis Gilmore. You think the ABA teams would agree to come in empty, like expansion clubs?"

But what would Williams do with his draft choices, Marvin Barnes and Caldwell Jones? Philly already has something like 37 no cuts on a 12-man roster; how would he stretch an annual payroll said to be in excess of \$3 million? And what would the Pistons, for example, do with their former drafts, Dan Issel and Larry Kenon? They'd have to call Manpower to find work for their current forwards, Curtis Rowe and Al Eberhard.

The Celtics' Red Auerbach doesn't agree with Williams. He says, "If those teams outbid us fair and square for those players, we can't expect them to give them up to us in any merger situation." This is sweet talk indeed from an NBA stalwart never adverse to demeaning the quality of ABA players and coaches. Auerbach's current spat is with Indiana Pacer Coach Bob Leonard who, he says, was a bad coach when he was with the Baltimore Bullets of the NBA and must be a dog now, too. Leonard, in turn, points out that when K. C. Jones, one of Auerbach's protégés, coached San Diego of the ABA, he was 0-11 against Leonard's Pacers. That year Jones' team had a record of 30-54 and finished next to last. Last season Jones' NBA Washington Bullets were 60-22 and finished first in their division. Petty arguments aside, the few examples of players or coaches who have operated on both sides are not especially indicative of the comparative worth of the two leagues.

More revealing, although the NBA scorns the interpretation, are the results of exhibition play between the leagues. During the first two years they met in

rebound

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the preseason the NBA overwhelmed the new boys 42-17. But things have changed. Over the last three seasons the ABA has steadily pulled ahead to 15-10, 16-7 and, this past fall, 31-17. In that span Kentucky, Denver and New York of the ABA built up a 33-14 record against NBA clubs. Overall, the ABA now leads in the rivalry, 79-76.

Advocates of the older league say these figures represent "mere exhibitions," "meaningless practice sessions" and the like. NBA players and coaches pass the games off as ones in which they were "just looking at a lot of people" or "weren't trying" or "hardly going all out."

But the question then is—was the NBA "just practicing" the first two years? Have Tom Heinsohn's Celtics not been trying while losing to Larry Brown's ABA teams five straight times? Was Boston's Dave Cowens not going all out when he injured his foot last year chasing a Denver player on a meaningless fast break? Was George McGinnis not trying while the 76ers went into two overtimes to beat his former Indiana team? How about Rick Barry? How great an effort was he making when he scored 49 points to Julius Erving's 43 in a Golden State victory over the Nets? Or when he almost came to fistfights over the tough defense of Wil Jones in a loss to the Colonels?

Pete Newell, the Lakers' GM, knows there are no excuses. "We can't cop a plea," he says. "If we play the ABA, we give up the psychological edge, and we have to get ourselves up or get beat." So the Lakers don't play any ABA teams. Another facet of this argument by some NBA owners is that they are under no compulsion to help the other league by competing against it.

What, in fact, has been going on is parity—or very near parity—any way you want to cut it. Jim Fox, the journeyman center for the Milwaukee Bucks, says, "The way you really notice how far the ABA has advanced is this: You used to see a guy get waived out of the NBA and catch on big in the other league. No more. Even Happy Hairston hasn't caught on this year."

The Warriors' Jeff Mullins says Denver runs the break "better than any team I've seen in the NBA." The Lakers' Lucius Allen says, "You want to know about good players over there? How about George Gerwin? Most of us here wish we could play with George Gerwin."

Tom Nissalke, late of Utah, who has bounced back and forth between the leagues like some berserk loose ball, says that before a Utah-Milwaukee game he told his old boss, Larry Costello, that there were several key Bucks who wouldn't make Utah's team. Then he went out and beat Costello without the injured Moses Malone.

"I say it now and I'd say it if I were president of Madison Square Garden," insists Nissalke, "there is no difference between the leagues anymore. The only thing the ABA lacks is exposure, and that means TV. The greatest shame of this is a guy like Bobby Jones. Here is the very best all-round young player in the game, and three-fourths of the country doesn't even know whether he's white or black."

Ultimately a realigned 24-team league would display more running, wide-open offenses with somewhat less physical defenses. More fun and laughs and less of that pick-and-roll, cut-and-screen, push-and-hold technical stuff. A much-needed variety of individual styles all around. The American Conference could retain the crowd-pleasing three-point basket, which a number of present NBA coaches already admire. The fate of the circus ball would be a tossup.

The Celtics' Charlie Scott believes that he enhanced the quality of his mental game "200%" after switching from the ABA to the NBA. Scott says even Dr. J would be able to polish his skills, especially his knowledge of the "total team concept," if he were in the other league.

So with everybody playing in one league, it is fair to assume that all ABA players would almost immediately improve their games by remarkable bounds and that divine parity finally would be reached. Denver would win its conference and polish off Golden State in a phenomenal seven-game series. David Thompson would be chosen most valuable sky diver and Bobby Jones would have three books, two movies and one jigsaw puzzle done on his life.

As those old NBA hands said of George McGinnis, "When George gets on national TV he'll get more notoriety in four minutes in the NBA than he got in four years in the ABA. But he won't dominate. Not yet."

Sure enough, McGinnis got on TV the other week. In his first 12 minutes of notoriety he scored only 14 points. Just goes to show you. It will take those ABA guys a while.

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THE OLD MAN AND THE BAY

Walter Stack swims San Francisco's waters, runs its roads and climbs its heights as does no other man of 67. That's for fun. For pay he carries 100-pound loads of cement up the sides of tall buildings

by DAN LEVIN



This is a story about San Francisco's Walter Stack. Call it the Secret of His Excess. On this typical morning Stack arises at 2:30. He is going for a bicycle ride and a swim. He puts on his fluorescent orange cap with the earflaps, and pedals off to his swimming club, five miles away, where he dons a scruffy old swimsuit and running shoes. He likes a little run before his swim, so he lopez off into the damp, 48° predawn with just his shoes, his swimsuit, his bare, tattooed torso. It is 4 a.m. Even in this city of joggers Stack is almost certainly the only one in the streets. He does not get back until 6:15, but he is a slow runner, and he has gone 17 miles.

At the Dolphin Swimming and Boating Club, a fisherman has a four-foot shark on the line, 30 feet or so from the swimming beach, and as Stack wades into the 53° water of San Francisco Bay he says, "When I'm out in the channel alone in the dark I know there might be some sharks, but I say, 'Oh, to hell with it.'" There are no other swimmers in the Bay, no lifeguards, no other movement but the fisherman on the beach, the shark, the tide and the blinking light on Alcatraz, a mile out in the Bay. Stack puts on a bathing cap because, he says, "The water's so cold I get headaches," and then, for 45 minutes, he is gone. When he reappears, the muscles of his thighs are twitching uncontrollably as he leaves the water, but 20 minutes in the club sauna does away with that, and by 7:30 Walter Stack is on his bike again, headed for . . . a psychiatrist? To be put on display at some medical school? Walter Stack, 67, cyclist, distance runner, swimmer and hod carrier is headed for work. For the next eight hours he will help to build San Francisco, mixing mortar and hauling bags of cement, shouldering 12-foot planks and building scaffolds with them and, finally, scaling ladders, 100-pound loads in his hod.

Stack is now ready to work. He has pedaled five miles, run 17 and swam for 45 minutes.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN JACONO

At the end of his day Stack is something to see. His face, caked with cement powder, is straight out of the New Guinea jungles. Cement is in his nostrils and mustache, in his eyes, in his ears and in his teeth. He grimaces as he works his way up the hills of his city on his ridiculous old three-speed bike, at least seven speeds too few for San Francisco, and he says, "I'm proud of my muscular strength."

What Stack obviously needs now, as dinnertime approaches, is a meal out of Adelle Davis by way of Bernarr Macfadden; his breakfast was coffee and doughnuts and his lunch was not much either. But what he gets is what he wants—three bourbons and Coke to start. He puts on an apron that announces LUST IS A MUST, and he prepares dinner for himself and his wife Marcie, who has not yet returned from her job as a secretary at the United Jewish Community Centers. He eats with her when she arrives—a little chicken and salad, a lot of ice cream and French bread. Later he visits friends, downing a glass of gin with orange juice and one of wine. The husband of one woman in his group arrives late, and Stack tells him, "It's a good thing you came. I was just about to seduce your wife." They all

laugh uneasily. At nine Stack is in bed, 5½ hours from the start of his next typical day.

A doctor friend says, "Walt probably drinks enough to ruin his liver if he didn't run, and he does have the slow pulse of all distance runners and the enlarged heart, but I don't think his physiology fully explains his remarkable nature."

Two years ago Stack was out running the hills near his home. It should be called climbing. He was with a group of young women from his running club, the Dolphin South End Runners, when suddenly, one of them recalls, "I heard a sharp crack. I looked back, and Walt was stretched out on the sidewalk, bleeding from a cut on the head. 'Walt, what happened?' I yelled.

"That's what comes from being a dirty old man," he said. "I dropped back to look at your legs, and I ran into an overhanging branch."

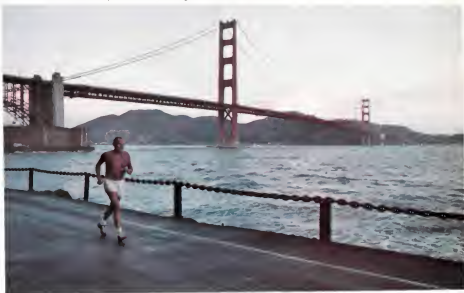
In 1968 Paxton Beale, then 38, a hospital administrator, ran in his first Boston Marathon. Stack was there, too, but it was one of the hottest days in the history of the race, and both were disappointed with their times. Beale decided

what he needed was another marathon right away, so he flew all night to make an 8 a.m. start at Santa Rosa, Calif. "I got to the starting line," he recalls, "and there was Walter Stack. I figured there was no way I couldn't beat him. He has no form whatsoever. He looks like a collapsible beach chair when he runs, and I kept saying to myself, 'I'm gonna get that old man.' At 24 miles I was gaining on him, and I knew he was mine. I came up behind him, and it looked like he was drinking something, so when I caught him, I looked over. It was a can of beer. He flipped it away and said, 'Guess that ends the six-pack.' And then he ran away and left me."

"They told me I was nuts to drink beer in a marathon," Stack says, "but that's a crock." That is more or less what he actually said. Stack uses a lot of obscenity, much of it of an advanced nature of, as marathoner Elaine Pedersen terms it, "Walt's hard-core stuff." One member of Stack's running club, who likes him, gave him three chances to clean up his language, then barred him from his home. "It was too much for the kids," he says. Beale calls Stack "the Lenny Bruce of the Sweat Set," and it is fair to

continued

Golden Gate is Stack's usual backdrop. Often he crosses the bridge and attacks Sausalito's hills.



say that Stack does have an unusually filthy mouth. But as with everything in his life, he has trained long and hard to acquire it.

His parents were separated and, at 13, when his father was killed in a bicycle accident, Stack was put in Detroit's Henry Ford Trade School for vocational training. He stayed there nine months and then, as he tells it, quit to see the country by freight car. He worked on a goat ranch and in a Texas circus. When he tried to quit, they had him arrested for throwing stones at the elephants. At 15 he joined the Army. He told them he was 18, but after nine months he went AWOL, and "grabbed a handful of box-cars." His companions were not Boy Scouts and preppies. In Florida he got 60 days in jail for trespassing, but the jail was filthy, so he and the other inmates decided to burn it down. They charged him with arson and put him in another jail. In North Carolina he was packed up as a rape suspect, in Alabama in connection with a killing and in New Orleans for vagrancy. But nothing ever stuck, and they always let him go. He was still only 16. In the next couple of years, he figures, he was in a dozen jails and was always being beaten up by some jailer or sheriff's deputy. Finally he reenlisted in the Army, using a false name, but after 30 days of rain in the Philippines he was so depressed that he confessed and was sent to San Francisco's U.S. Army Disciplinary Barracks, located on what is now Alcatraz, for 18 months.

All of his troubles having been on land, he decided to go to sea. But ashore in Louisiana, he had an argument with a sheriff in a roadhouse. "I had him around the neck," Stack says, "and I was kicking the hell out of him, and his deputy came along and hit me in the mouth with a brick." Stack got 90 days for that incident, and lost all his upper front teeth. "My God," people say now, "didn't they at least give you medical attention?" For what? I didn't even think about it."

He started shipping out on coal-burning ships, though it was much harder work than the oil-burners and the pay was only \$2.50 more per month, \$67.50. "But it was more macho," he says. And between jobs he read as many as nine newspapers every day. Since the Russian Revolution he had been interested in politics, and the Sacco-Vanzetti case changed his life. "I was from a broken

family," he says. "My dad was a worker, and I was influenced by the agitation of the left." He wanted to do something, but a 19-year-old who at the age of 67 would be rising at 2:30 a.m. to run 17 miles does not do things halfway. He does not become a socialist. He becomes a Communist. Stack did, and to this day pays his monthly dues to the party. He has never regretted it, despite the fact that in 1951, deemed a security risk, he was screened out of the shipping industry forever.

For four years after that he worked on the kill floor of San Francisco slaughterhouses, beating cattle to death with a sledgehammer, until one day his back went out. A friend, a business agent for the hod carriers' union, got him a job and he settled down to stay in San Francisco.

Once, when he was in Beirut, Stack had leaped from his ship and swum half a mile to shore just to see if he could do it. From then on swimming had been his sport. He could swim all day, it seemed, though his form was so bad that he always looked as if he were drowning. In San Francisco he joined the Dolphin Swimming and Boating Club. Sometimes he would get up at 4 a.m. and ride his bike 120 miles to a place called Ukiah. The state police kept kicking Stack and his three-speeder off the highway, but he persisted; he wanted more endurance for swimming. Once he entered a real bike race, against the finest 10-speed racers, ignoring comments about his fenders and his basket. "I just wanted to try it," he said. He began taking part in Dolphin Club swims across the Golden Gate and from Alcatraz to the club beach. He had a home now, his own beach, his own bay, month after month, year after year.

Someone told him that running would help his swimming even more than cycling, so he entered one of the toughest short races on the face of the earth, Marin County's Dipsea Race—up one side of 2,600-foot-high Mount Tamalpais and down the other. It begins with a flight of 675 stairs. Stack ran the course in Army boots. In 1966 he started running a mile and a half every day. A year later he was up to six, and he founded the Dolphin South End Runners' Club, a fan running club, one of the largest in the Bay Area. Its symbol is a turtle, its motto, "Start Off Slow and Taper Off." As Paxton Beale says, "There are people in this club, in good shape, who can't run five miles in 40 minutes. Elsewhere they'd be

laughed off the course, but here they don't even finish last."

Sometimes they even win the big annual trophies, the Walter Stack Trophy for women and the Bill Emmertson Trophy, named for the professional distance runner, for men. Mileage counts, not speed. Stack won the men's trophy twice and then, to give others a chance, he began cutting down on his mileage toward the end of each year. This year the club has run 35 races, from 1.5 to 13.6 miles, usually on Sundays in Golden Gate Park. The turnouts average 300 of the 1,000 DSE members, with more women each year, and everyone who finishes gets a ribbon and a tongue depressor marked with the position of his finish.

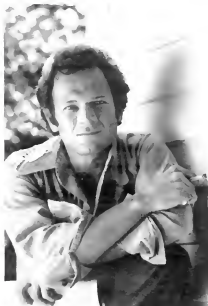
The soul and inspiration of DSERC, and its permanent president, is Walter Stack. All of it was his idea: the scoring for the trophies, the ribbons and the tongue depressors, and especially the encouraging of women. They comprise only 20% of the membership, but Stack insists they be given an equal number of awards. He says, "Just getting into a pair of running shorts is a shock to most women. They've been discriminated against for so many years, and now we have to favor them to make up for it. It's important to develop their self-esteem." Last August he persuaded 25 DSE women to enter the annual Pikes Peak Marathon, more women than had entered that race in all the previous 20 years of its history put together. He even had special T-shirts made for them. DSE member Marge St. James says, "Women meeting Walt think he's loud and crude, but after awhile they love him. He's like a puppy dog. He might tear your dress, jumping up on you, but he's not mean about it. And he is a feminist."

St. James calls the DSERC her "entry into the straight world." She is the chairwoman of COYOTE, an acronym for Call Off Your Old Tired Ethics, "a loose women's organization," as its members call it. Their concern is the decriminalization of victimless crimes, and the prevention of harassment of prostitutes by the police. Stack attends some of their meetings, and is an honorary member.

"Walt is the oldest living teen-ager," says Dr. Joan Ulliot, a pathologist, marathon runner and DSERC member. And so he is, in good ways and bad. His energy would do credit to any 15-year-old, but there is also his sense of humor, of-

continued

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THE OLD MAN *revisited*

ten repetitive, impossibly corny and totally lacking in restraint. He has killed his body to the University of California Medical School, and three or four times each day, while running or cycling, he will say, "Not bad for a guy with one foot in the UC pucking vat, and the other one on a banana peel."

No day passes when he does not observe, "People in this country die in alphabetical order. I see them that way in the paper."

In crowded restaurants, especially, he comes into his own. He never modifies his language, and a slight deafness in one ear causes him to speak loudly. All about him ears turn purple. He is compulsively gregarious. "Short stack," a waitress yelled at breakfast recently, and he grabbed her by the arm. "You know," he said loudly, "my name is Stack, and when I was a kid I'd hear people in restaurants yelling 'stack' and I'd get angry. But now I don't care." By this time the waitress was edging nervously away.

But there is another Walter Stack. Dale Carnegie would have benefited from a short course with this one. Looking for a volunteer to help in a DSERC race, he'll say, "We need someone who has a sparkling personality, who everyone loves, who is a champion in her own time." A lot of hands go up.

In 1970 Stack dreamed up his alltime outrage, the Double Dipsea. People were paving out all along the trail, so the following year he organized a rescue party to run back and pick them up, in effect, a third Dipsea. No one runs a Triple Dipsea. "No one," screams Pax Beale. "He almost killed us all." In 1969, the first of seven times Stack has run the Pikes Peak Marathon, he went to Colorado early to train, and he ran the Barr Trail course a record seven times in nine days. In addition to the Pikes Peak races he has completed 38 other marathons, most of them in times ranging from 3:30 to 4:00, the same speed up the hills as down. At the DSERC they joke that if Stack were thrown from a plane at 40,000 feet he would fall at eight minutes per mile. And they would be the worst-looking miles ever fallen. "He's the toughest, worst runner on earth," says Beale.

Stack has finished five 50-mile runs and another, a 100-miler, in 17:20. Last March, at Maryland's JFK 50-miler, run in the rain on a raw, 32° day, he fell down dozens of times, wound up all bloody and bruised, and finished 34th. Of 1,355 start-

ers, only 231 remained at the end. But except for the 50s and the one 100, any race that Stack has run has been a reprieve from his workouts.

His 17-mile morning run is the flattest of them, between jobs or on weekends he sleeps a little later and runs his torture courses. One takes him across the Golden Gate Bridge to Sausalito and back, almost 20 miles. More than six of the miles are on hills that all but make one's ears pop, and the whole run is a series of waves and shouts to motorists, cyclists and pedestrians who recognize him. Sometimes he will "do a Dipsea," as the DSERCs put it. On Saturdays he starts on Collingwood Street in front of his house in the city's Eureka Valley section, on a hill so steep that sometimes cars cannot back out of curbside parking spaces and have to be towed. Stack runs out and helps push the cars uphill. After descending the opposite side of Collingwood he starts up Castro. A few more degrees of acclivity, and he would need ropes. And so it goes, half a mile up, really up, half a mile down, way down, up, down, up, down . . . to the top of Twin Peaks, with the whole city stretched away beneath, then down to Lake Merced and around, a 20-mile run before he reaches home again.

That has been Stack's life—Sausalito, Twin Peaks, the 2:30 a.m. routine while on the job—for 10 years now, 17,000 miles of running, in rain and sun and fog and pain, summer and winter. He never wears a shirt, even at 4 a.m. on February mornings when it is 38°. The Bay temperature drops to 46° then, but he never misses a day in it. He wouldn't take a vitamin pill at gunpoint, and when a friend tried to make plans with him for a race next year, he replied, without apparent concern, "Oh, don't count on it. For all I know, I might be doeder'n a mackerel by then."

Walter Stack's favorite trivia question: "Has there ever been a prisoner of Alcatraz who survived a swim to shore?"

Wherever he goes in San Francisco the island is there, below and east of the bridge when he crosses it, off the hills of Sausalito, its lights blinking in his face at 4 a.m. as he runs on the municipal pier. Stack is not a contemplative man, but the sight of Alcatraz must make him think of how far he has come. The answer to the question, for him at least, is yes, in more ways than one. **END**

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SMALL, BUT OH MY

by WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON



They lost their hearts to Hanni and they are wild about Willi all across this mountainous mini-land

The principality of Liechtenstein has more world champions per capita than any other country on earth. Liechtenstein has exactly two world champions; its population is 23,500. This breaks down to one champion for every 11,750 inhabitants. If the United States boasted the same ratio, it would have about 18,000 world champions. Russia would have 21,700. China would have 70,200.

Liechtenstein is 16 miles long, eight miles across at its widest point and 300 yards at the narrowest. Few other sovereign nations in the world are so small. Few are so quaint. To have two world champions residing in such diminutive premises, that is impressive. The most recent world champion is a 27-year-old bank employee named Wolfgang Matt who lives in Vaduz, the nation's capital. In 1975 Matt won the world championship for acrobatic radio-controlled model-plane flying in Bern, Switzerland. The more famous world champion is a shy, husky, dark-eyed 19-year-old skier from the "mountain balcony" village of Planken. Hanni Wenzel won the women's slalom at the 1974 FIS world championships at St. Moritz.

Naturally, Liechtensteiners were excited about both triumphs. Still, the victory of Wolfgang Matt did not fire the national morale with quite the gusto that Hanni Wenzel's victory did. When it comes to star quality, a world-class model-plane flier simply doesn't have the same gloss as a world-class ski racer. Thus, Wolfgang came home in relative silence and privacy, while Hanni was flown home from St. Moritz in a helicopter with the Crown Prince and Princess of Liechtenstein at her side. She was accompanied also by a heroic teammate, Willi Frommelt, 23, who had further enhanced the sporting fortunes of Liechtenstein by winning the bronze medal in the men's downhill.

They arrived at night and were met at the Liechtenstein border by a singing crowd carrying torches. A grand parade began. Traffic was tied up from one end of the country to the other. The reigning prince of Liechtenstein himself, Franz Joseph II, 69, was there to greet Hanni and Willi in the torchlight. He rode with them in a gleaming black limousine through the countryside, waving *continued*

Liechtenstein bumper stickers are rampant, though there may not be many banners, and the ski celebrities have played the palace.



with princely dignity at the crowds gathered in the darkness. People cheered and laughed and said they hadn't seen such a celebration in Liechtenstein since 1967 when Crown Prince Hans Adam wed his lovely Countess Marie Aglaé Kinsky.

Later, someone printed hundreds of bumper stickers with Hanni's and Willi's faces on them. Some folks even wondered if Hanni's round, rosy-checked visage might not soon grace one of Liechtenstein's famed postal stamps, but this did not come to pass. Nevertheless, it was an unforgettable time of high excitement, and national pride reached new peaks.

There have been people living in Liechtenstein since 3000 B.C., the late days of the Stone Age. The first were Celts, but the place was constantly invaded or attacked over the centuries—by Romans, Alemans, by the legions of Napoleon. At one time or another, Liechtenstein was part of the ancient Roman Empire, the Empire of Charlemagne, the Holy Roman Empire, the old German Empire, Napoleon's Confederation of the Rhine and the German Confederation. Besides having no real national identity for nearly all the centuries of its life, Liechtenstein also was poor, gnawing at the very bone of survival, bowed by serfdom—"a subservient country of small farmers," said one historian.

In the 17th century, shortly after the

Thirty Years' War had ground to an end, the country was nearly snuffed out in an epidemic of black plague. About that time an even more terrifying cataclysm swept Liechtenstein. In a lurid season of mass hysteria, more than 300 of the nation's 3,000 residents were tortured and killed—burned, beheaded, torn to pieces by mobs—because they were suspected of being witches.

These were dark ages, indeed. But no more. Serenity has settled down over Liechtenstein. It is the age of bumper stickers and world champions. Since 1799 no foreign soldier has occupied the country. The Liechtenstein army was disbanded in 1868 and its last surviving veteran died in bed 36 years ago. There were still periods of sharp hunger and hard times, since 70% of the nation was engaged in farming well into the 20th century. Then a mighty change occurred around 1950, and today Liechtenstein is neither a blooming land of peasant farmers nor is it an antique gingerbread kingdom. In fact, it is one of the most highly industrialized countries in the world, with only 3% of its national income from agriculture. The rest comes from the sprawls of glass and cement-block factories that lie along the valley of the Rhine River, beneath the Alps of Austria on one side and Switzerland on the other. Each fall the country is still

warmed by the winds of the *Föhn* rustling up from the Mediterranean to finish the last ripening of the vineyards and the cornfields, but the economic well-being of Liechtenstein lies in manufacturing—cement, nails, false teeth, hyper-sophisticated plastic coatings like the stuff they put on the solar wind device planted on the moon by the first men to walk there.

The princes of the House of Liechtenstein have ruled with gentle hands. The reigning prince and the princely family live in Vaduz Castle, a stone palace with cobblestone courtyards and staunch turrets built on the mountainside above the capital city in the 14th century. The prince owns one of the most important art collections in the world, rich with the work of Peter Paul Rubens, Rembrandt van Rijn and Albrecht Dürer. At the end of each Olympic or world championship ski season, Prince Franz Josef and his family give a lavish reception for the ski team of Liechtenstein. Shy and callow kids like Hanns Wenzel come to the castle and sip soda pop in the regal parlors beneath a vast tapestry by Dürer and a celebrated self-portrait by Rembrandt. It is always a warm, affecting occasion. Wars and witch-hunts could scarcely be farther out of sight or mind.

Sport in Liechtenstein is casual, small-time and unfrenetic. The \$78,000 budget for the six-member ski team is larger than the total spent on all other national teams put together. Even so, the skiers cannot afford their own team trainer, and all of them now train with the Swiss, paying for facilities and coaching. Soccer is the leading sport but there is no national Liechtenstein team, and a crowd of 1,000 spectators is considered huge. After Hanns Wenzel and Willi Frommelt, perhaps the most famous sportsman in Liechtenstein is Manfred Scurti, the Formula V auto racer who was European champion in 1972.

The country has no radio station or TV channel of its own but Swiss stations carry every World Cup race, and when Hanni or Willi are racing, Liechtenstein stops what it is doing to watch. This includes the princely family. Crown Princess Marie Aglaé Kinsky, 35, an elegant person of glowing complexion and honey-brown hair, sat in her chambers in a castle turret last season and pointed to her television set. "Hanni just finished second. My mother-in-law [Princess Georgina Wilczek] and I watched and we



Waiting eagerly to welcome their skiing winners at St. Moritz, the faithful spell it out.

cried when Hanni did not win. We always cry. When Hanni won the world championship at St. Moritz, my mother-in-law and I jumped over the barriers and shouted, we were so happy. Everyone was happy. It's incredible to think of it but this little country has a possibility of winning in the Olympics. It makes for cheer when Liechtenstein does well. No one begrudges us our victories."

There have been few victories to begrudge. Prince Franz Joseph II has been a member in good standing of the International Olympic Committee ever since 1936, yet Liechtenstein has never competed with serious chances for victory in the Games, either summer or winter. There have always been lighthearted entries, informal fellows trying to bring Liechtenstein some reflected glory by the mere act of competition. An example of Liechtenstein's approach to big-time sport occurred in 1956 when the Winter Games were held in Cortina.

Baron Edward von Faltz-Fein, a Liechtensteiner who had long been a leading winter sports figure, decided that his beloved land simply must have a two-man bobsled in the Games. The baron himself had once been a bobsleer, but on his wedding night years before he had promised his bride that never again would he participate in that desperate sport. He would not renege. Yet he was obsessed with his idea. At last, late one night, the very night before the bobsled trials were to be held, he hit upon an answer. He went to the home of a 19-year-old named Moritz Heidegger, locally renowned as a daredevil on his motorcycle. As the story goes, the baron woke Heidegger from a sound sleep around midnight and said, "How would you like to drive a bob?" The young man replied, "What's a bob?" The baron said, "You drive it like a motorcycle." Whereupon Heidegger agreed to try it.

The baron congratulated him, then added casually, "By the way, the bob runs on ice." Heidegger cried out, "On ice?" The baron said quickly, "You have given me your word." The anxious young man said, "Yes, but I am only 19—a minor—so you must ask my mother." His mother, a patriot, said it was all right with her, so the baron and the boy left for Cortina in the morning.

When Heidegger first viewed the icy chute and the bobsled, he looked away and muttered darkly. "It's not like a motorcycle at all." The brakeman, Welfin

Wollinger, 23, had never seen a bob run, either. As the two plummeted off the top in the Olympic Trials, a bleak silence fell over the crowd. Miraculously, the sled finished. A joyous shout rose. Wollinger, amazed at their good luck, said, "It was trees and trees and trees. I was petrified. But Heidegger kept shouting, 'Brake! Brake!' So I put on the brake."

So efficient were Wollinger's brakes that the run was almost ruined from ruts and sears, and officials ruled the Liechtensteiners had to run last from then on. They did, and they qualified—dead last. Then, in the Olympic competition itself, they astounded the world and delighted their countrymen by actually finishing ahead of one team, the second sled from Norway. It was triumph enough and Liechtenstein was ecstatic. Heidegger and Wollinger went to St. Moritz to train for the world championships that would follow in a couple of weeks.

There, tragedy struck. Their sled crashed through the snow wall of the chute during training, and rocketed off into the trees. Wollinger broke a leg. Heidegger fractured his skull and died. All Liechtenstein mourned.

When Hanni Wenzel returned alive to her exultant countrymen from her championship at St. Moritz, a cry soon rose that she must be given formal Liechtenstein citizenship. She had been born in East Germany, and her family had come to Liechtenstein from West Germany in 1957. Her father, Hubert, is an expert in controlling mountain avalanches, and the government had hired him to help control the slides that occurred on the mountains every spring.

Citizenship of Liechtenstein is a precious thing. There are only 14,000 bona fide Liechtensteiners and many people who live in the country have been waiting for years to gain citizenship. "Hanni Wenzel is an important figure for sports people," said Berthold Konrad, director of tourism, "but many older people who suffered to make the country what it is today, they wonder if a full citizenship isn't too much for a mere sports figure." There also was the problem that Hanni, a minor, could be given citizenship only if her entire family got it, too. And, as it turned out, Hubert Wenzel was not the most popular man in the village of Planken, population 200, where the family lives. Konrad said, "Hubert did not have too much social contact with the citizens of Planken. If he had been a member of

the village chorus or the soccer team he might have had a better chance of getting citizenship. Also there had been a stupid fight over where he could build his house. Planken is a very small place. Hubert Wenzel was not a favorite."

There are several ways of obtaining citizenship in Liechtenstein. One is for the reigning prince simply to grant "honorary citizenship." This is almost never done. Franz Joseph II has reigned since 1938 and only once has he used his power to bestow citizenship. That was in 1945 when a German resident risked his life by entering wartime Austria from neutral Liechtenstein and re-stealing the entire priceless art collection of the House of Liechtenstein from beneath the very noses of Nazi guards. The prince was so overcome with gratitude for this brave deed that he dubbed the man a citizen on the spot.

Besides princely fiat, citizenship can be granted by the 15 member parliament of Liechtenstein, but only after the citizens of one village have voted en masse on whether an individual resident there deserves the honor. If the vote is positive, then both parliament and prince ratify it and all is well.

Thus, the family Wenzel appeared on the citizenship ballot in Planken because of Hanni's heroics on skis. Despite the dislike many felt for Hubert, the vote was positive. Those who disagreed had stayed away from the polls rather than reject the Wenzels. The vote was 18-0.

Hanni is diffident now when she speaks of the accolades and honors that have come to her. "I would rather stay unknown," she says. "I am very happy to have my citizenship because I can go to Innsbruck now. I might have gone to the Olympics in Sapporo, but my German citizenship prevented it. Now I can compete in 1976—and, yes, I think nearly the whole country will come to Innsbruck to see me race."

A gold medal for Liechtenstein? Well, Hanni is a powerful skier; in 1975 she finished second by four points in the World Cup slalom standings. At Innsbruck she will be a favorite. If she wins, there will not only be torchlight parades, bumper stickers and royal receptions—there will very likely be campaigns to name streets after her, to build monuments, even to put her childlike countenance on one of those postage stamps. An Olympic gold medal for Liechtenstein will be historic indeed. **END**

The tall man with the gray streaked hair knelt alongside the small blond boy. He hefted the child-sized basketball in his large hands and, with a casual underhand flip, tossed it into the wastebasket across the room.

"No fair using two hands," said the boy. "You're supposed to shoot one-handed, the way you always did."

The man retrieved the ball, reassumed a kneeling position and, with his left hand under the ball and his right poised at eye

level, flipped it into the basket again.

"Grandpa," the boy asked, "were you the greatest basketball player ever?"

"Some people say I was, Michael," Hank Luisetti answered.

"Well, you're not as good as Rick Barry."

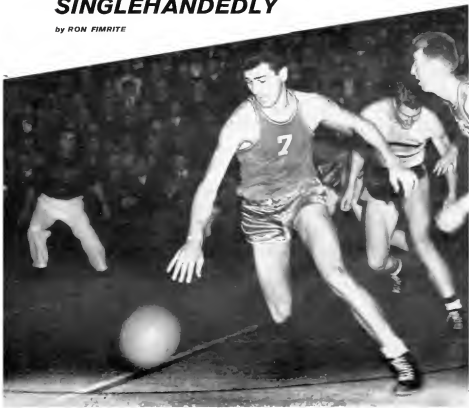
"Maybe not," said Luisetti, flashing his U-shaped grin. "But what you don't know, Michael, what you can't know, is that the times are different. Very, very different."

Hank Luisetti shot the ball with one hand while he hung in midair. The Establishment smirked, but the sport has not been the same since

HE CHANGED A GAME SINGLEHANDEDLY

by RON FIMRITE

Dr. Bill Northway, the Stanford basketball team's physician, was taping Hank Luisetti's ankles in the locker room at Madison Square Garden. Outside, it was windy and damp but warm for December. Inside the arena a crowd of 17,623, the largest of the year, was noisily lamenting Georgetown's 46-40 defeat of New York University in the first game of a big holiday doubleheader. But Georgetown-NYU was a mere preliminary to the event the crowd had really come to see, the match between Clair Bee's Long Island University Blackbirds, winners of 43 consecutive games, and the Stanford Indians, defending Pacific Coast Conference champions and 45-38 upset winners two days before over Temple, the second-best team in the East.



What the fans most wanted to see on Dec. 30, 1936 was Stanford's right forward, Luisetti, who had been setting scoring records by shooting the ball, in defiance of prevailing basketball dogma, with one hand.

After only a year of varsity play, Luisetti was a legend on the Pacific Coast. He had scored 32 points in 32 minutes in the opening game of the conference championship series the previous March against Washington. In another game Stanford had trailed Southern Cal by 15 points with 11 minutes left in a contest to determine the conference's Southern Division leader. Then Luisetti broke

loose, scoring 24 of his 30 points, and Stanford won 51-47.

Teams rarely scored more than 45 points in a game then, and 20 points was considered extraordinary for an individual. It was an era when the clock was rarely stopped, when free throws were awarded sparingly and when a center jump following every basket was required in most sections of the country. A player who seemed able to score at will was the stuff of legend.

Still, the East had to be shown. Pacific Coast basketball was regarded as

New York with mild contempt. On a similar holiday tour the year before, a University of California team was trounced 41-26 by NYU. That Cal team went on to split four games with Stanford during the conference season. Long Island University of Brooklyn, led by 6' 8" Center Art Hillhouse and two-handed set shot

continued

Far more than a shooter, Luisetti could take charge of a game, as he showed Cal in 1938





In his brief film career, Luisetti found autographing much easier than kissing Betty Grable.

artists Julie Bender and Ben Kramer, was the class of the East in the 1936-37 season, and the East was the class of the nation.

The Eastern teams played ball-control offense and man-to-man defense. They shot the ball in the traditional manner, and they rarely shot at all until the ball had been worked in with half a dozen passes or more.

Stanford's team was an enigma to Easterners. In their workouts Luisetti and his teammates seemed to be approaching the epochal conflict between Eastern orthodoxy and Western iconoclasm with an attitude bordering on the frivolous. At the West Philadelphia railroad station after the Temple win, they were observed rolling oranges into a cocked hat. They joked with New York reporters, laughing off suggestions that they would soon be sobered by their meeting with the Blackbirds. Their resolute amiability earned them the sobriquet "Laughing Boys." And those who

watched them shooting one-handed during practice were moved to laughter—or derision. "I'll quit coaching if I have to teach one-handed shots to win," snapped Nat Holman, the City College of New York coach and the ranking savant of Eastern basketball. "They will have to show me plenty to convince me that a shot predicated on a prayer is smart basketball. There's only one way to shoot, the way we do it in the East—with two hands."

Stanford Coach John Bunn squirmed at intimations that he was some kind of radical. As a player at Kansas under Phog Allen and a former student of basketball's inventor, Dr. James Naismith, he protested that his credentials as a traditionalist were in order. But one look at young Luisetti swishing one-handers from 20 feet away had convinced him there was room for innovation.

Bunn was God-fearing, high-minded and sober-sided, but he also believed athletics should be fun, so he gave his spir-

ited charges the freedom to develop their individual skills. On offense, the Stanford players roamed like prairie dogs, switching positions to meet changing situations. Luisetti, the most liberated free-lancer of them all, might play the post, bring the ball downcourt or switch from the left to the right side at will. On defense the Indians played a combination zone and man-to-man that Bunn called a "team defense." Here again, switching positions was perfectly acceptable. To Eastern audiences, it all smacked of anarchy.

It was hardly that. For all of their free-wheeling, the Stanford players were highly disciplined and specialized. Left Forward Howell (Handsome Howie) Turner was Luisetti's height (6' 2½") and a fine all-round player. The guards were 6' 1" Bryan (Dinty) Moore, an inspirational player and a defensive demon, and 6' 4" Jack Calderwood, an exceptional rebounder who was nicknamed "Frankenstein" or "Spook" because of his lumbering gait and ominous mien. Art Stoeften, at 6' 4½" the tallest man in the lineup, was the center.

Principally because of its East-West flavor, the LIU-Stanford game received surprisingly good advance publicity during a typically busy news week in the newspaper-rich New York of the 1930s. The Spanish Civil War was Page One material, as were the travails of the recently abdicated King Edward VIII. Business, as usual, was ready for a big comeback, and President Roosevelt was urging Congress to restore NRA reforms. *Yankee's Take It with You* and Clare Boothe's *The Women* had just opened on Broadway, as had motion pictures starring Shirley Temple and the newest challenger to her supremacy as the cutest little thing around, Bobby Brice. *The Daily News'* crackerjack headline writers were in top form: BOY STEHEN BY MADMAN, AN MURDER IS CLIMAX OF YULE RIVIERE, DAD DIES AS GIRL LOSES SPELLING BEE, NEDDY MOTHER ABANDONS BABY AT WRECK, POORHOUSE.

As Dr. Northway finished the taping, Luisetti good-naturedly fulfilled the doctor's hair and pulled the necktie from beneath his vest for good luck. Then he and his teammates trotted into the magical arena. The Stanford players were hardly bumptkins. Luisetti and Calderwood were from San Francisco, Turner was from the Bay Area community of Piedmont, and Moore and Stoeften were from Los Angeles. But the sight of

continued



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the packed Garden flabbergasted them.

"The first thing I saw was a giant neon sign," recalls Stoefer. "Then I looked up and saw what seemed to be thousands of fireflies. They were cigarettes glowing in the darkness. And through the haze of smoke, I finally saw people, people as far and as high as I could see."

"We were terribly tense all of a sudden," says Turner. "I don't think any of us had been to New York before. Most of us had never been out of California. We needed something to loosen us up. Mostly, we needed what we always seemed to get—something incredible from Hank."

The Blackbirds controlled the opening tap, and after a series of deft passes worked the ball under the basket to Hillhouse, who scored easily. On Stanford's first possession Turner was fed a pass in the right corner. The ball was slightly behind him and he started to tumble out of bounds as he reached for it. Instinctively, he threw the ball toward the basket anyway. He quickly scrambled to his feet to assume his position on defense when he noticed that a center jump had been called.

"Did that thing go in?" he asked Moore. Moore said it had, and the entire Stanford team burst into laughter. The Laughing Boys were now in the proper frame of mind to play their game.

The score was 11-11 midway in the first half, but already it was apparent that LIU was bewildered by the "team defense," the fast-break offense and Luisetti, who seemed to be everywhere, stealing the ball, rebounding over Hillhouse, passing with accuracy and lofting his one-handers from every angle.

"The first one came after a fake and a pivot near the foul line," Luisetti recalls. "It was over their big man. He looked at me and said, 'You lucky so-and-so.' He didn't say a word when the next one dropped in."

The crowd, which had pulled hard for Long Island University's team early in the game, was suddenly entranced by the black-haired dervish and his carefree companions. When the Indians left the court with a 22-14 halftime lead, the fans awarded them a standing ovation.

The second half was no contest. LIU went a full seven minutes without scoring, and Luisetti was in complete control of the tempo. He shot only when it was an inescapable obligation, preferring to dazzle the spectators with the halfling

variety of his passes. Still, he led all scorers with 15 points as Stanford eased to a 45-31 victory. Later he would be named the outstanding athlete to perform in the Garden that year. The cheering New York fans, helpless Indian captives, sensed they had just witnessed a revolution.

Indeed, they had, as the press acknowledged the following day. "Overnight, and with a suddenness as startling as Stanford's unorthodox tactics, it had become apparent today that New York's fundamental concept of basketball will have to be radically changed if the metropolitan district is to remain among the progressive centers of court culture in this country," Stanley Frank pontificated in the *Post*. "Every one of the amiable clean-cut Coan kids fired away with leaping one-handed shots which were impossible to stop."

Said *The New York Times*: "It seemed Luisetti could do nothing wrong. Some of his shots would have been deemed foolhardy if attempted by anybody else, but with Luisetti shooting, these were accepted by the enchanted crowd."

The Stanford-LIU game was no mere intercollegial upset. It was a pivotal game in the sport's history, introducing the nation to modern basketball. Players throughout the country began shooting on the run and with one hand. The deliberate style of play would give way to the fast break, the man-to-man would yield to the zone and combination defenses, and the following season the center jump after goals would be abandoned forever. Scoring suddenly increased, and a game that had served, in many areas, merely to fill the gap between the baseball and football seasons abruptly began to enjoy widespread popularity of its own. For anything big to happen then, it had to happen in New York. Luisetti and the Laughing Boys happened there in the winter of 1936.

Despite its color and dash, Stanford may not have been the first modern basketball team, but there is no disputing that Luisetti was the first modern basketball player. What astonished Garden fans was not so much that he shot, rebounded, dribbled, passed and played defense better than anyone on the court, but that he performed almost all these things in unorthodox ways. He dribbled and passed behind his back, and he appeared to shoot without glancing at the basket. When he drove, he soared like a

hawk, looking left and right before he released a mid-air shot.

"Hank could stay up so long he was like a ballet dancer," Turner says. "He could fake while driving at a time when people just drove, period. Forty years ago he was making moves that still are considered exceptional today."

"It would be unfair to compare anyone who played then with the modern players," says Howie Dallmar, a former coach and player at Stanford. "But no one now—I mean no one—is as far ahead of his contemporaries as Hank was of his. He was at least 20 years ahead of his time. The guy revolutionized the game."

Luisetti is now 59 years old and his face has filled out, resulting in a startling resemblance to Jack Dempsey. He remains physically fit, although the only exercise he gets is walking. He has been a widower for the past three years, and between business trips he lives with either his 81-year-old mother in San Francisco or in the nearby homes of his son and daughter. His grandson Michael is a frequent companion.

Although unfailingly friendly, Luisetti is a private man. "Very few people ever got close to Hank," old teammate Calderwood says. "I hesitate to call him shy, but there is a reserve about him, a reserve that never showed on the basketball floor."

Luisetti has only recently begun going to basketball games again. He almost never watches Stanford but he has grown fond of the Golden State Warriors now that they are playing with championship verve.

"They can really shoot," says Luisetti. "It's a shooter's game today. When I was holding clinics, all I could interest the kids in was shooting. But look what's happened. If a team once shot 35%, it was hot; now 50%, seems average. And they're so big. At my height, I'd have to be a backcourt man today. I'd play about the way Jerry West did, moving the ball around, setting people up. That man played the game the way it should be played. Of course, it's harder to drive now—and I did a lot of that. The big men clutter up the area under the basket. It's worth your life to go in there. I think they're either going to have to widen the court or raise the basket."

When he attends Warner games Luisetti often dresses in a red and black warmup jacket and gray slacks, quite a

continued



Now a businessman, Luisetti coached the 1951 AAU champion, then abruptly left basketball.

departure from the crisp suits he usually wears as president of the E. F. MacDonald travel company's West Coast region. Sitting among the fans in the arena he is neither business executive nor old hero. No one in the place seems to have the slightest idea who he is.

Angelo (Hank) Luisetti was born in San Francisco. His family lived on the northern slope of Russian Hill, a neighborhood of narrow wooden and stucco houses. From the top of the hill, the Bay can be seen blue-gray below, and in the distance are the orange towers of the Golden Gate Bridge. It is the quintessential San Francisco neighborhood, heavily Chinese now, but in Luisetti's time mostly Irish and Italian. His parents were of no-nonsense old-country stock, their children aggressively New World. Sports became part of their generation gap.

Luisetti's father immigrated to San Francisco from northern Italy a few months after the great earthquake of 1906. It was not a bad time to arrive in the city because of the opportunities awaiting those willing to rebuild a fallen city. Steven Luisetti learned to cook. He became a popular chef and he eventually bought his own restaurants, Louis' Fashion and the Sutter Grill.

The Luisettis had one child, a skinny boy with legs so bowed that he was obliged to wear painful braces to straighten them. The family home was only three blocks from the Spring Val-

ley (now Helen Wills) playground, a tany, lopsided asphalt pile next door to a howling alley. The playing area was so limited that the tennis court bisected the basketball court, and the two games could not be played simultaneously. Nevertheless, Helen Jacobs learned to play tennis there and Hank Luisetti learned to play basketball.

On foggy mornings the playground director, a tall young woman in a blue middie blouse and gray skirt named Rose McGreevy (now Mrs. Clifton Fogarty) would open the gates to find a solitary youngster splashing through the puddles on the misshapen court, flinging a basketball one-handed at the hoop as if he were hurling a discus. It was the only way he could reach the basket.

"We called him Angelo then," says Mrs. Fogarty, now 75. "I can never call him anything but that. The Hank business came later. He was always there an hour before I got to the playground. He likes to say I taught him everything he knows. What a laugh! He was such a natural. There wasn't anything I could teach him except to be a good boy, which he already was."

"I still remember those days," says Ed Dougery, a reporter for the *San Francisco Chronicle* who was a playmate of Luisetti's. "We wore dirty cords, tennis shoes and ragged sweaters. Sometimes we wore caps, the flannel kind you see in old movies. Our playground was too small for baseball, but sometimes we'd

play the kids from North Beach in softball. We'd lose the game, then they'd beat the hell out of us. But not Angelo. He was a gentleman. And so was the huge kid from the beach who always wore a dark bluesweater, cords and his brother's San Francisco Seals cap, Joe DiMaggio. Baseball was his game, Basketball was Angelo's."

Luisetti was not so much a scorer at Galileo High as a master playmaker and defensive specialist, qualities that were much more admired in the days when championships were won by scores of 14-12. But as a freshman at Stanford in the 1934-35 season, he averaged better than 20 points a game. In his first varsity appearance he traded nine shots from the floor against College of the Pacific and sank them all. He set new scoring records each year he was on the varsity and as a senior he totaled 50 points in a game against Duquesne. His Pacific Coast Conference single-season record of 232 points survived for 12 years before being broken by Bill Sharman of USC and George Yardley of Stanford.

On March 5, 1938 he broke the national collegiate four-year scoring record in melodramatic fashion against California. With the historic point—No. 1,533—safely recorded, Luisetti leaped for a loose ball and collided with boyhood chum Dougery, who played forward for Cal. His head thumped against the floor and, as Harry Berha wrote in the *San Francisco Examiner*, "He was out as completely as Haile Selassie from Addis Ababa." He lay there unconscious as teammates and opponents formed a death watch around him.

Dougery stood off to one side, feeling "like the man who shot Lincoln. People kept asking me if I did it on purpose. 'Hell,' I kept saying, 'we went to grade school together.'"

Luisetti was helped from the floor as the paraisan Cal crowd sat in silence. Had he broken the scoring record and ended his career on the same night? No. Minutes later he reappeared. The first time he touched the ball he scored. He finished the evening with 22 points, and he and Dougery double-dated afterward, dancing with their girls at the Mark Hopkins Hotel to the foot-tapping sounds of Orin Tucker.

It was not the first time that season Luisetti had been resurrected. On Jan. 23, he collided with USC's Gail Goodrich, father of the Lakers' guard, and fell to the

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Fatigue

floor bleeding from a cut above the eye. He was stitched up in the locker room, returned to the court and scored immediately from 30 feet out.

Stanford defeated Oregon 59-51 for its third consecutive Pacific Coast Conference championship in Luisetti's last collegiate game. He scored 26 points in a virtuoso performance that brought the Stanford Pavilion crowd to its feet long before he left the game. Roy Cummings of the *San Francisco Call-Bulletin* was so moved by the experience that he rhapsodized, "When future fans start talking about the basketball stars of their days, those who witnessed Hank Luisetti and the Stanford teams of 1936-37-38 will shake their heads and say: 'My lad, you never saw Luisetti.'"

No one saw Luisetti on a basketball court the next season. A wretched patchwork movie, *Campus Confessions*, earned him \$10,000 from Paramount Pictures and, presumably because basketball was played in the film, a year's suspension from the Amateur Athletic Union. Betty Grable, then in the perennial co-ed period of her otherwise lustrous career, was his co-star. She might as well have been the Queen of England.

"She didn't know I existed," Luisetti acknowledges. "She was married to Jackie Coogan then and he was always on the set. I never talked to her, and when I was supposed to kiss her I couldn't bring myself to do it. It was horrible."

Luisetti's suspension was lifted for the 1940-41 season, and he led the San Francisco Olympic Club to the finals of the National AAU tournament in Denver. With Luisetti hobbling on an infected foot, the Olympians lost but he was the high scorer and most valuable player of the tournament. He played the following year with the Phillips Oilers, although a knee injury curtailed his usefulness.

Luisetti enlisted in the Navy after Pearl Harbor and was sent to the St. Mary's Pre-Flight school in Moraga, a town across the Bay from San Francisco. He may have played his finest basketball there. In 1943-44, his last season as a player, St. Mary's Pre-Flight went undefeated and Luisetti consistently outscored the other service stars, including Stanford All-America Jim Pollard. Later a professional star with the Minneapolis Lakers, Howe Dallmar is among those who are convinced Luisetti was never better.

"We played St. Mary's Pre-Flight

continued

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when I was a sophomore at Stanford," he says. "In the first game I got something like 23 points and Hank got 19. The papers started building up a rivalry between the old Stanford star and the new one. It scared me to death. I'd seen Hank play enough to know what he could do if he had to. I knew there was no way I could stop him. The next time we played them, Hank got 29 points. I got six."

In November 1944 Luisetti was marking time on a Navy base in Norfolk, Va., while awaiting sea duty aboard a carrier. On a cold, wet night he and several fellow officers decided to go to a movie in town. During the drive to the theater Luisetti complained of dizziness and nausea. He was dropped off at the dispensary, and that was the last thing he remembered for a week. He had spinal meningitis, a disease that until the introduction of sulfa drugs in the 1930s had been invariably fatal. He was in the hospital for four months, and when he emerged he was 40 pounds under his playing weight of 185. He was told by

the doctors that he could never play basketball again. He was 28 years old.

Despite his medical history, Luisetti received professional basketball offers after the war but dutifully rejected them all. He went to work as a salesman for the Stewart Chevrolet Company in San Francisco and reluctantly agreed to coach the company-sponsored basketball team. In 1951 it won the AAU championship, the title that had eluded Luisetti and the Olympic Club a decade earlier. He quit coaching after that and never returned to the game.

Although there were "new Luisettis" popping up all over the map during the late '30s and '40s, his fame ended almost as abruptly as his coaching career. Tom Goila, the do-everything player for La Salle in the '50s, was the last man frequently likened to Luisetti. There are no "new Luisettis" today.

Jack Calderwood is white-haired and, because he stoops a little, probably shorter than he was when he was the rebounding "Spook" of the Luisetti era. Calder-

wood is a writer, and in researching a book on the young people of Sausalito, the hip little community across the Golden Gate Bridge from San Francisco, he spent hours each day in a waterfront hangout called Zack's. "They thought I was a narcotics agent at first, or at the very least a dirty old man. But after a while, they got used to me," he says. "I became a good rock dancer and was in some demand as a dancing partner. One day I learned that a member of the band playing there was a Stanford dropout, a former football player. I sought him out and explained that I had been an athlete at Stanford long ago. He was not really interested. Finally I asked him if he'd ever heard of Hank Luisetti. He just shook his head irritably.

"Well," I told the boy, "if you haven't heard of him, I'd better tell you." And I did, at length. When I had finished, it was the strangest thing. This boy, this rock musician, this college dropout, this modern person, was genuinely interested. I couldn't have been happier." **END**

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The redfish is a favorite with saltwater anglers, ranking with striped bass, bluefish and weakfish among surf-casting's big four. In their Atlantic and Gulf Coast range redfish are also known as channel bass and red drum, and they are hard-fighting, good-eating fish that grow to substantial size: the current all-tackle record is 90 pounds. But redfish (*Sciaenops ocellatus*) never seemed a species to make history. Now, however, they may do just that by providing the necessary clues for turning saltwater game fish into freshwater habitats. Today, hundreds of miles from saltwater, large numbers of redfish are thriving in Texas lakes, their transfer being an unexpected by-product of a study of their life cycle made by a Port Aransas laboratory.

Last August three male and three female redfish spawned naturally under laboratory conditions, the first time that had happened anywhere. Within a month

they had produced 50 million eggs and more redfish than anyone knew what to do with. In September the first shipment of baby redfish was planted in a freshwater lake in Austin, and if they grow an inch a month, as scientists expect, Texas freshwater anglers should have fine new sport by next fall.

Dr. Connie Arnold, of the National Marine Fisheries Service lab in Port Aransas, was studying the eggs, larvae and early life stages of the redfish when he succeeded in developing the spawning procedure, which apparently is the key to the successful transfer of the species from salt- to freshwater. Dr. Arnold remains unworried by the consequences of his findings and, in fact, declares, "My work ends 10 days after hatching."

The three male and three female redfish were put in a 6,000-gallon laboratory tank in September 1974. They had been taken on hooks in the surf off Port Aransas. Redfish normally spawn in September and October. They do not eat while they are spawning but come into the surf to feed afterward, it is the time when most of them are caught. With the six captured redfish in the tank, the biologists set about creating an artificial year in the laboratory, in which water temperatures and the varying hours of light and darkness approximated those the fish would have experienced had they remained in the Gulf. Six banks of lights controlled by timers went on and off with the rising and setting of the sun. They lighted slowly, one after the

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Six saltwater fish, deceived into believing the spawning season lasts all year, portend an angling revolution by ROBERT CANTWELL

THE TIME WARP TO NEW WORLDS



ILLUSTRATIONS BY OWEN MILES

other to simulate daybreak, were illuminated fully through a synthetic day, and turned off one by one as the mathematically contrived sunsets faded to the total darkness of a submarine night.

"I tried to re-create their natural light and temperature sequences," Dr. Arnold says. "I suspected that if we could duplicate nature in the laboratory the fish would just go ahead and spawn, if everything else was O.K. Something that gave us a problem was our lack of knowledge of where the fish spawn. Within a mile of shore? Within 10 miles? No one knew. That created a difficulty with temperatures. Furthermore, no one knew if they spawn on the bottom or on the top. Obviously the temperature would be different. How did I decide which to use? I don't know. I guess intuition. I took the records of temperatures at various times and depths out there and finally settled on the temperatures we would try."

Redfish and others of the drum family are noisy fish, communicating with a loud, bladder-produced drumming and thudding sound, a rhythmical *hub-bub hub-bub* that reverberates through the Port Aransas laboratory and keeps man and fish awake. A small school of redfish could provide an unusual backup group for adventurous rock musicians. The drumming has some connection with the spawning cycle, but no one knows what it is, and thus far nobody has been able to make sense of the drum-fish tapes.

The Texas Parks and Wildlife Department was interested in Arnold's redfish research, having experimentally planted 200 adult redfish in the Red Bluff Reservoir on the Pecos River 18 years ago. So far as the fishes' adaptation to fresh water was concerned, that experiment had been a success: the redfish flourished, growing up to 12 and 14 pounds. But unlike striped bass, a normally anadromous fish that has thriven in exclusively fresh water, the redfish never spawned, and the project was abandoned because of the difficulties in maintaining a stocking program. Seining small redfish and raising them in ponds was prohibitively expensive. Milking the females of eggs did not work; it required split-second timing and the catching of fish when they were ripe to spawn, and it was doubly wasteful because redfish traumatize easily. In 1972 and '73 Parks and Wildlife tried hormone injections to induce captive fish to spawn at its marine fisheries laboratory at Pa-

lacios, 70 miles up the coast from Port Aransas. Hormones have been used successfully to induce other species to spawn, especially in India and Japan, where aquatic farming is essential to increasing food supplies. But the experiment at Palacios, as a department publication reported, had "only limited success . . . the redfish died from the stress of capture."

The six redfish in the underwater stage set that Dr. Arnold had built were not handed at all after they were put in the tank. "It's simple," he says. "I think that's what's got people sort of bumfuzzled. We don't mess with the fish at all. All I did was duplicate their natural season as best I could." The fish were taken through a dim synthetic winter, nine hours of daylight and 15 hours of darkness, into a slowly brightening imaginary spring and then to what biologists call a 12-12 light period, summer days of 12 daylight hours. "Nothing was known of the spawning of redfish, nothing at all," Dr. Arnold says. "When they first started, I figured each female would spawn twice, with a maximum of three times apiece, just from the basic biology of the fish." But they did not stop spawning. In two months the captive fish spawned 46 times. For a two-week period they did not eat. "We'd offer them feed," Dr. Arnold says, "and they wouldn't touch it. When they did start eating, I said, 'Well, that's a good indication they're through spawning, because they're back eating again.' But now they're eating the way they used to eat, all the time, and yet they're still spawning."

The eggs floated to the surface of the saltwater tank and were carried by an overflow pipe to a filter box, where they collected on the surface and could be scooped up in containers and placed in glass tanks scarcely larger than an ordinary household aquarium. At 25° Centigrade (77° Fahrenheit) they hatched in 24 hours. (In fresh water the eggs sink and do not hatch.) On August 16 a two-acre saltwater pond at the Palacios fishery was stocked with 125,000 of these 48-hour-old redfish. After 30 days the pond was drained, and 4,320 fish, about an inch to an inch and a quarter long, were recovered. Even this 3.4% recovery rate was considered encouraging. But then a second stocked pond was drained a few days later and returned 63,914 fish, an amazing recovery rate of 45%.

Toward the end of August four addi-

tional small ponds were stocked. The first had a return of only 1.9%, the next 2.5%, the third an encouraging 18%. But in one pond there were no live fish at all. Temperature problems were held partially responsible for these relatively low returns, but the method of recovering the fish also influenced the results. It was discovered that the ponds must be drained in full daylight for best results. Then, when the water begins to flow out, the tiny fish fight the current with extraordinary strength, until they are finally swept into the nets with the last gallons. But when the light fades they do not swim but simply drift up against the drain screens and are killed. Despite such losses the returns were judged promising. Asked if the project might have been abandoned had it not been for the 45% return on the second pond to be drained, Robert Colura, the director of the Parks and Wildlife laboratory, seemed surprised. "I don't think so," he said. "After all, only 3.4% meant 4,320 fish, and that's a lot of specimens."

After they were taken from the ponds, the fish were kept overnight in saltwater tanks in the laboratory. Fresh water was gradually added over a period of three hours until all the salt was dissipated. Then the plantings in lakes were begun. The first were small—18,000 in Long Lake near Austin, 10,000 in Lake Creek and 7,000 in Tradinghouse Creek Reservoir near Waco. Transportation created problems: it had been planned to deliver 24,000 at Waco, but because of delays in unloading 17,000 fish died.

In October the crew at Palacios gathered to drain two more big ponds. The installation stands on the north shore of Matagorda Bay, a lonely, windswept, treeless place with some 21 acres of diked ponds grouped around a laboratory and living quarters. A one-acre pond held 3.4 acre-feet of water—1,107,893 gallons. A hundred thousand 48-hour-old redfish had been stocked in it 34 days before. The draining was scheduled to begin at eight o'clock in the morning, but the sky was gray and hazy at that hour and the draining was postponed until nearly mid-morning, when the sun was bright and fresh wind agitated the surface of the ponds. Plastic buckets were filled with saltwater, weighed and placed beside a small collecting pool. Gates were lifted from the culvert that passed under the road along the dike. For an hour nothing happened; the nine men in the crew

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RED FISH (continued)

watched the flowing water with hypnotized intensity. At 11:25, when the water level was down enough to expose sloping walls of mud, Claude Horton, the superintendent of the hatchery, said, "It's full of fish!" Moments later the men with dip nets began pouring fish into the waiting buckets, which were then weighed again before the fish were taken to oxygen-fed tanks on a truck parked nearby. It was a fast, silent operation—nets filled with silvery, glistening fish were carefully emptied into buckets, the buckets weighed, raced up the bank, emptied into the truck, refilled with water, weighed, again loaded with fish, weighed again, emptied into the truck—and it continued until, 20 minutes later, the pond was empty and 25 pounds of month-old redfish, 10,321 fish, calculated by their weight, were on their way to the laboratory. There they would be tempered in fresh water before being stocked in a lake.

The second pond had been stocked with 154,600 baby redfish. It had a two-acre surface area and the fisheries crew had grown more experienced in the stocking procedures by the time it was in operation. Even so, the result was phenomenal: 100,466 fish were taken out, a 65% return.

Meanwhile, at the Port Aransas laboratory the captive redfish continued to spawn. The three females have now produced more eggs than all the fish in all the 14 fish hatcheries in Texas this year. Precisely how many is unknown; no figures have been released after the total of 50 million created a sensation. "I'm really getting scared about quoting these figures," Dr. Arnold said, "because I sat down and calculated the volume of that number of eggs and it's more than the fishes' weight." He is thinking ahead, nevertheless, about ways to induce the redfish to spawn even more. "What we'll do now that we have a sequence that works is shorten the period of time between spawning cycles," he said. "The next thing we'll try is two different spawns a year. If that works we'll try to get three spawns a year."

All in all, there seems to be no doubt in the minds of Texas scientists that fishermen will soon be catching saltwater redfish in freshwater lakes all over the state. And in the more remote future? Dr. Arnold says, "I don't see why the same thing can't be done for any estuarine species."

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Siblings, but nary a rivalry

In a season of good brotherhood, two squads are especially fraternal

Brothers used to spend their time together inventing airplanes, writing fairy tales, managing the circus, robbing banks, filming *Duck Soup*, pitching victories in the World Series, putting their names on cough drops and offending network censors.

Now, brothers seem to have switched almost exclusively to basketball, and suddenly they are turning up in tandem at universities all over the country. Villanova's high-flying Herrons, 6'6" Keith and 6'8" Larry, both had 20-point games on five different occasions last season and finished with 17.9 and 17.8 scoring averages, respectively. This year they have led the improved Wildcats to victories in two of their first three games. Brigham Young and Butler not only suit up brothers, but the pairs are siblings with famous relatives. BYU Guards Veryl and Vance Law are the sons of former Pittsburgh Pirate Pitcher Vernon, while Butler's super-subs, Don and Jon McGlocklin, are

the twin nephews of Milwaukee Buck Guard Jon. That is especially appropriate since Uncle Jon once roomed with the Van Arsdale twins, Tom and Dick, when they played at Indiana.

Toss in father-son combinations at Boise State, where Coach Bus Connor watched his boy, Guard Steve, score 16 points in a 76-64 loss to Oregon last week, and at Nevada-Reno, where Coach Jim Padgett has a 15.3-per-game rebounder in 6'8", 230-pound son Pete, and the college game begins to sound like one big family affair.

The most unusual fraternal relationships—and potentially the most testing—exist at Creighton and George Washington, a couple of status-seeking schools whose coaches are the older brothers of their star players. So far, everyone has managed to stay happy.

Tom Apke, 32, guided Creighton to an NCAA tournament berth last year in his first season as head coach. A sometime starter during his career at Creighton in 1962-65, Apke says of his abilities, "I shot so often and missed with such regularity that my teammate, Paul Silas, led the nation in rebounding." Tom's brother-Rick, a slim 6'8" sophomore who plays the high post, is considerably more talented. He was Creighton's sixth man last year, although many Bluejay fans felt that he should have been starting. Was the coach bending over backward to make sure he was not playing favorites?

"A lot of people said that if Rick had

not been my brother, he would have played a lot more," says Tom. "They could have been right. Maybe in trying to establish myself as a head coach, I did keep Rick out of some situations to avoid criticism."

Although Rick was not a Creighton starter, Tom saw to it that little brother was always in the game near the finish, working the Jays' delay offense when a lead required protection or scrapping for clutch baskets when Creighton needed to come from behind. On one Saturday-Monday road trip to the Apkes' home state of Ohio, Rick's backdoor layup provided the winning margin in a 71-70 thriller at Dayton; then his six straight points late in the game helped pull out a 64-60 victory over Cleveland State. This year Rick is a starter and the team leader on offense and defense. He scored 24 points in a 72-62 win over South Dakota State last week, and he is averaging eight rebounds a game.

"Friends always ask me what it's like playing for my brother," says Rick. "They kid me that Creighton was the only school where I could have gotten a scholarship. I tell them that's true."

It isn't. Rick was a two-year starter on consecutive state championship teams at Cincinnati's Elder High. He narrowed his college choices to Creighton, Davidson and Michigan—and only then did he create a family problem. One of his sisters lives in Michigan and urged him to play for the Wolverines so she could watch him perform. "It's tough recruiting against your sister to get your brother," says Tom.

At George Washington, it has taken a lot of Tallent Coach Bob and his sharp-shooting brother, senior Guard Pat—to make the same kind of arrangement work out. One of the nation's youngest head coaches at 29, Bob was fifth nationally in scoring (28.9) as a senior at George Washington in 1968. Pat, a 6'3" redhead with a bushy mustache and an accurate outside jumper, last season led GW (17-10) to a postseason tournament for the first time since 1961 and averaged more than 20 points a game.

"It's a little different being

continued



COACHES TOM APKE (LEFT) AND BOB TALLENT HAND OUT POINTERS TO BROTHERS RICK AND PAT

the coach's brother," Pat says. "I hesitate to talk to Bob sometimes. But I also can speak to him about things other players feel they can't—like suggesting a day off from practice when the team seems extra tired or asking if we can change a certain play around. I used to team up with Bob in a lot of two-on-two games when I was little, so I play the game pretty much the way he wants me to. I'm computerized. He just pushes the buttons."

Bob must have pushed all the right buttons during George Washington's opening game in its new 5,000-seat Smith Center last week, because Pat scored 31 points and made 14 of 20 shots from the floor. He added five rebounds, five steals and eight assists as GW romped over St. Leo's 113-84. Pat also had 20 points in a 76-69 victory over William and Mary and hit Wake Forest for 23 in a 78-77 defeat.

"Playing for my brother pushes me a lot harder," says Pat. "Overall, I'd have to say it's an advantage most other players don't have."

THE WEEK

EAST Five of the nation's best teams played in Madison Square Garden during a 48-hour stretch, and Alabama and Rutgers looked the most impressive. The Crimson Tide eked out a 71-67 victory over Providence with 6'9" center Leon Douglas getting 19 points and 16 rebounds. He also blocked numerous Friar shots after he had picked up his fourth foul. Alabama's tough defense was not restricted to the front court; Guard T. R. Dunn held Providence's star, Joe Hassett, to 14 points.

Whenever Rutgers needed a big basket against Purdue, it went to 6'5" Forward Phil Sellers. He scored 31 points and broke open a close game in the last minute with two layups that sealed an 81-73 victory for the Scarlet Knights. Sellers poured in 36 during a 119-93 rout of Seton Hall two nights later. That same evening Purdue freshman Kyle Macy's 21 points helped Coach Fred Schaum gain a 90-79 victory over his alma mater, West Virginia.

Unlike Rutgers, North Carolina found Seton Hall hard to handle in the Garden. The Tar Heels won 75-63, mainly on Guard Phil Ford's 27 points and flashy floor play. Ford injured his knee against Virginia Tech, but Coach Dean Smith's underrated bench came through and starting Center Mitch Kupchak contributed 24 points as Carolina won 88-75.

Maryland would have had a much easier

time with Richmond if the Spiders' 6'7" Tony Marshall had not been released from jail. Arrested the day before the game on six felony counts, Marshall nonetheless was on hand to work over Terp defender Brad Davis for 25 points, and Richmond trailed by only four points with 6:37 to play. Then Maryland's Steve Sheppard hit his last seven shots to make the final score 98-71 in favor of the Terps.

Nevada-Las Vegas won the Steel Bowl in Pittsburgh by defeating Duquesne 86-83, but the Rebels' joy may be brief. The NCAA last week completed its initial investigation into possible Las Vegas recruiting violations. Whether it will decide to open a formal investigation will not be announced for several months, but one of the NCAA investigators working on this case also uncovered violations at Long Beach State in 1973 that involved Coach Jerry Tarkenton. Tarkenton left Long Beach in the midst of that turmoil; his reprieve may turn out to be short-lived.

Trailing by 15 points in the second half, Marshall (3-0) rallied to beat Austin Peay 79-77, halting the Governors' winning streak at four. Earl Williams got the winning basket and scored 19 points. Game-high honors went to teammate Dave Miller and Austin Peay freshman Sammy Drummer with 22 apiece.

Princeton came from 17 points behind to defeat Navy 80-59, Boston College squeaked past Harvard 72-71 on Ernie Cobb's jumper with five seconds left. St. Bonaventure surprised Georgetown in overtime 63-59 and South Carolina annihilated Oklahoma 80-59 behind Alex English's 32 points.

1. MARYLAND (3-0) 2. NO. CAROLINA (3-0)

MIDWEST Even though three of its best players were ill or injured, Cincinnati kept rolling, thanks to a hale and hearty Robert Miller. While Guard Steve Collier underwent examination for mononucleosis, Forward Mike Jones was sidelined with a hamstring pull and Guard Brian Williams was bothered by a sprained hand, 6'11" Center Miller scored 24 points and the Bearcats downed the Miami of Ohio Redskins 66-57. "They didn't seem like a ranked team to me," said Miami sophomore Archie Aldridge, ignoring Cincinnati's problems. "I'd like to play them again." No you wouldn't, Archie.

Louisville, taking on Murray State in the first of eight consecutive home games, trailed at halftime 31-28. But the final 20 minutes were an entirely different story, the Cardinals surging to a 78-59 victory. It was Coach Denny Crum's 100th win in a little more than four years at Louisville.

Missouri Captain Willie Smith, a 6'2" senior guard, scored 30 points in an 88-85 overtime win against Toledo. Smith rang up 40 more points as the host Tigers bounced Bay-

lor 105-70 and Oklahoma City 85-68 to win the Show-Me Classic and remain unbeaten.

Drake defeated Iowa State 98-83, Bulldog Forward Ken Harris (21 points and 18 rebounds) outdueling the Cyclones' Hercle (Peterson) Ivy, who scored 24 points but fouled out with 4:10 to play.

1. CINCINNATI (4-0) 2. LOUISVILLE (3-0)

WEST Fan reaction around Los Angeles following UCLA's 20-point loss to Indiana has been heated, though not entirely unexpected considering what Bruin backers are accustomed to. "UCLA's basketball dynasty is deadlier than the proverbial mackeral," read one letter to Athletic Director J. D. Morgan. "We've had enough of you, J. D. Clean out your desk and don't forget to take Clean Gene with you." Morgan and Coach Gene Bartow must have felt like skipping town last Friday night when UCLA was barely ahead of San Jose State midway in the first half. But then Bartow sent in Brad Holland—the very good freshman guard he had decided not to take to the Indiana game—and Holland put the bomb back into the UCLA attack. He hit eight of 11 shots from far outside and scored 17 points in 30 minutes to key a 90-80 triumph. The next night Holland celebrated his 18th birthday by connecting on five of 10 field-goal attempts as the Bruins stopped Southern Illinois 81-60.

San Francisco's 6'11" Bill Cartwright has been slow getting accustomed to the college game, and the young Dons continue to look unimpressive, despite their perfect record. In a 49-44 victory over stalling Stanford, Cartwright took only one shot and did not score.

Rickie Hawthorne had 17 points and 5'9" freshman Guard Gene Ramon electrified California fans with a twisting layup over Idaho State's seven-foot Steve Hayes in the Golden Bears' 76-65 win. Washington (4-0) defeated Wyoming 76-69 and Nebraska 75-63 on the road.

Arizona State beat De Paul 74-67 in the finals of the Sun Devil Classic, after the Blue Demons had handed Memphis State its fourth straight loss (100-91) in the first round. Arizona edged NAIA power Midwestern (Texas) 86-80, then defeated Idaho 88-82 and Northern Arizona 98-81 to mount its 100-point scoring average.

Usually high-scoring New Mexico State surprised UTEP with a stingy defense and whipped the Miners 49-47 and 62-54 on consecutive nights.

With its infamous reputation for one-sided officiating strengthened by a controversial 84-80 victory over Oregon, Hawaii said that one referee from the mainland would work most of the Rainbow's remaining home games.

1. UCLA (3-0) 2. SAN FRANCISCO (4-0)

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COLLEGE BASKETBALL *continued*

MIDEAST A pair of Wildcats clashed in Evansville, Ill., and Northwestern edged last year's NCAA runner-up, Kentucky, 89-77 as junior Guard Billy McKinney pumped in 31 points. A skinny six-foot lefthander with exceptional speed, McKinney carried his Nate Archibald impression a step further by handing out seven assists. Northwestern outscored sluggish Kentucky 23-8 in the first nine minutes of the second half and led by as many as 23 points.

Almost everything that Tennessee and Michigan threw up went in when the two highly ranked teams met at Knoxville. The Vols, who earlier had an 86-80 victory over Duke, hit 11 of their first 13 shots; the Wolverines went them one better by making 11 of 12 during a second-half run that trimmed a 14-point Tennessee lead to two. But the Vols hung on to win 82-81, Bernard King, the best shooter in the country last season with a .622 field-goal percentage, sinking 13 of 16 from the floor for a game-high 27 points. Wings Ernie Grunfeld and Mike Jackson added 22 points apiece for Tennessee, while freshman Center Phil Hubbard had 25 for Michigan. Hubbard scored 17 in the Wolverines' earlier 90-63 defeat of Vanderbilt.

Auburn's tough Tigers had little trouble defeating Butler 80-69 and Western Carolina 88-76. Both games were the kind of rough-and-tumble affairs that appeal to Coach Bob Davis, who said, "We're not going to let anybody push us around. We want folks to get that idea early."

Marquette Forward Bo Ellis was busted for possession of marijuana at 4 a.m. on the day before the Warriors' season opener, and will be required to report to a drug evaluation unit for six months. The next night he grabbed the microphone at Milwaukee Arena and apologized to the 10,938 fans before scoring 16 points as the Warriors stomped St. Joseph's (Ind.) 87-60. The crowd applauded Ellis wildly, but the cheers turned to boos later in the week when Marquette shot 25% and had to resort to a stalling offense in the second half of an uneasy 56-45 victory over a small-college opponent, Northern Michigan.

Southern California won the Vanderbilt Invitational, beating Kansas State 81-80 in the finals to take some of the glow from Wildcat Guard Chuckie Williams' 47-point spurge in an overtime 89-85 first-round victory over Holy Cross. In the title game, Earl Evans and Marv Safford led the Trojans with 25 points apiece; Williams scored 24 for K-State.

Notre Dame socked Valparaiso 117-83 and Texas Tech 88-63 in preparation for its game this week against Indiana. The Hoosiers did not play.

1. INDIANA (1-0) 2. TENNESSEE (1-0)



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Storming to the playoffs

In these matchups among four contenders, a northerner from Buffalo blew itself out in Miami, and Dallas was swept by a Missouri tornado

All week long America's unemployed armchair quarterbacks kept phoning Don Shula collect to volunteer their services to the Miami Dolphins, who suddenly needed a quarterback more than New York City needs money. The Dolphins had lost Bob Griese for the season two weeks ago when he suffered a ruptured tendon in the big toe of his right foot, and 41-year-old stand-in Earl Morrall is sidelined for the remainder of the schedule, too, after tearing ligaments in his left knee during Miami's 20-7 torture of the New England Patriots last Monday night.

Now, with the Dolphins leading Baltimore and Buffalo by just one game in the AFC's Eastern Division and the Bills heading for Miami, someone named Don Strock had moved up from chief sandwich boy to No. 1 quarterback and Slingin' Garo Yepremian—remember his famous Super Bowl passing caper?—was probably next in line. Trouble was, in his three seasons with the Dolphins, Strock had attempted only four more passes than Yepremian.

"Tom Matte even called and left a message for me," said Shula, who started to smile as he recalled that year in Baltimore when his Colts lost Johnny Unitas and Gary Cuozzo with disabling injuries in successive games and had to use Halfback Matte at quarterback for the playoffs. Shula did not return Matte's call, but he did persuade onetime Dolphin backup Jim Del Gaizo, a subsequent bust with both Green Bay and the New York Giants, to leave his insurance business and take Yepremian's place behind Strock.

Meanwhile, Strock, who at 6'5" and 220 pounds looks more like an NBA forward than an NFL quarterback, hardly seemed bothered by his new status. "I've always looked forward to my first start," he said, "but I hate to see it happen the way it has. I'm here to play quarterback, though, and that's what I'm going to do." Around Miami, Strock is known as the Mad Bomber because, unlike the methodical Griese and the ancient Morrall, he actually likes to throw the football at any time, not just on third-and-long.

On Monday, Don Strock (10) listened to Earl Morrall's advice. On Sunday he followed it.

"We've spent the last three years trying to settle Don down," Shula said, "and show him what a running game is."

Shula paused, then added a few words for Buffalo's consumption. "If people expect Strock to draw plays in the dirt, making them up each time, and then just hand the ball off," he said, "they will be surprised. We think Strock can throw the ball against them."

Strock had the same impression, although he insisted that he would be happy to "nickel-and-dime Buffalo to death on the ground if that's the best way to beat them. I've taken game films home every night this week and I'm ready." Strock also displayed a genuine sense of humor. "Before you ask," he announced to a battalion of reporters, "my answers are 'no' and 'yes.' 'No,' I'm not nervous. 'Yes,' I think I can do the job." Asked if he had ever watched the minor-league Pottstown (Pa.) Firebirds and their celebrated Quarterback Jim (King) Corcoran when he was growing up in that town, Strock cracked, "I learned from watching King Corcoran that I couldn't learn from watching King Corcoran." Then he jogged over to the mess hall to get a couple of tuna fish sandwiches for Griese and Morrall. "No rush," Morrall said, "but we're hungry."

As the game began before 78,701 fans packed into the Orange Bowl, both Miami and Buffalo were aware that Baltimore had trounced the New York Giants earlier that afternoon. The Dolphin defense stopped the Bills on Buffalo's first series, but Strock could not move the Dolphins, either. Then, after the Dolphins stopped the Bills again, Strock went to work, armed with the information that Morrall had whispered to him on the sidelines and that the coaches upstairs had phoned down.

He completed a flareout to Don Nottingham, a look-in to Nat Moore, a down-the-middle bullet to Freddie Solomon, another dart to Howard Twilley and the Dolphins had a first down at the Buffalo five. Mercury Morris jammed the middle for a yard, then Strock—doing something Miami quarterbacks have rarely attempted—ran a bootleg around right end for a touchdown. Moments later the Dolphins got the ball back, and

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you enter a fast turn, there is less of a tendency to skid than in rear wheel drive cars, because the front wheels pull you through the turn and the rear wheels tend to follow.

Of course, Saab has many other features that can help a driver: rack-and-pinion steering for precise control, power-assisted disc brakes on four wheels, not just two, and a 2-liter, fuel-injected engine that averages 21 mpg in the city and 27 mpg on the highway according to EPA results.*

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accident, Saab also has roll-cage construction, six solid steel posts, door impact panels, and a body designed to absorb impact, to protect the driver and passengers.

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*Mileage figures estimated are subject to weight and loading. Actual mileage achieved will depend on where and how you drive, conditions of the car and optional equipment. See local

Strock smartly moved them 52 yards for another touchdown, this time hitting Twilley from eight yards out.

Strock was rolling now. On Miami's next two possessions he threw four more completions in a row—giving him 10 for 11—and the Dolphins moved ahead 21-0 on another Miami innovation, the one-yard touchdown pass, Strock to Twilley. During the stretch Strock ran a second bootleg, this one a naked reverse for 13 yards, and on another play he had Solomon, a former quarterback at Tampa, throw a bomb off an end-around. It worked for 44 yards when the Bills were penalized for pass interference.

Buffalo rallied to make the score 24-21, but then Strock, helped by a questionable call—the Dolphins appeared to fumble the ball away, but Buffalo's recovery was nullified—quickly moved Miami 75 yards for the decisive touchdown, Nottingham bolting 56 yards to set up Norm Bulaich's one-yard plunge.

The defeat killed Buffalo's playoff chances, and now the Dolphins take their one-game lead over the Colts to Baltimore. "The Colts kept mouthing off about how they wouldn't lose to any team with a 41-year-old quarterback," said Center Jim Langer. "Well, with Earl hurt, our quarterback now is 25."

In the opinion of almost anyone who knows the difference between a football and a beanbag, last Sunday's St. Louis-Dallas game should have been one of the real dogfights of the NFL season, a showdown for first place in the NFC Eastern Division, probably winding up in another overtime like the one the teams played back on Sept. 28. But everyone, including the bookies who made St. Louis a one-point favorite, should have checked the schedule: the rematch was scheduled for Busch Memorial Stadium on Dec. 7—a perfect day to get bombed.

And that's exactly what happened to the shell-shocked Cowboys in the first half. In a word, the Cards were devastating as they put the game out of reach 28-3. They finally prevailed 31-17 to take a giant step toward their second straight division title.

By handing the Cowboys their worst defeat in two years, St. Louis improved its record to 9-3, with nothing more ominous remaining on the schedule than road games in Chicago and Detroit. Barring a blizzard in the former city and a leaky roof in the latter, the Cards look

like a cinch. Especially with Terry Metcalf around to all-purpose the opposition to death.

For the Cowboys, a team with a dozen rookies on its roster, the outlook is more worrisome. Dallas is now tied at 8-4 with Washington, a last-gasp 30-27 winner over the Falcons on Sunday, and it must beat the Redskins for the NFC wild-card berth. If Dallas loses this week it will be absent from the playoffs for the second straight year. This is a team that used to make the Super Bowl's round-robin tournament almost automatically.

Talking about the playoffs the night before the St. Louis game, Dallas Coach Tom Landry said, "Now it's all in front of us. We win two of these next three and we're in. It's as simple as that. If we win, we win and if we lose, we had our chance."

It soon became obvious on Sunday that the Cards were giving Dallas nothing better than a chance at the showers. Sparked by Metcalf's rushing, receiving, kick returning and mere presence and the splendid passing of Quarterback Jim Hart to Mel Gray, St. Louis controlled the ball and rocked the Cowboy defenses with enough big plays for two seasons. The Cards scored four touchdowns on their first five possessions and achieved good field position so routinely that their first punt came with 9:16 left in the fourth quarter, when Jeff West booted one out on the Cowboy two-yard line.

Hart's first touchdown toss signaled the dour day that lay ahead for the Cowboy pass defenders. Three of them—Mel Renfro, Cliff Harris and Randy Hughes—were in a tight little end-zone knot when Metcalf arrived in their midst at the end of a 30-yard sprint. Interception seemed likely, but Metcalf snatched the ball out from under his rivals and the Cards had scored with the game less than three minutes old. Two more scoring passes were thrown from 49 and six yards out to the speedy Gray.

The other St. Louis touchdown came on a one-yard run by Steve Jones, who would not have had the chance but for an unusual Dallas penalty born of rookie overzealousness. When Jim Bakken booted a 22-yard field goal for the Cards, Linebacker Thomas Henderson jumped on a teammate's back for a better shot at blocking it. The officials ruled such a tactic illegal, and the penalty gave St. Louis the choice of a first down at the Dallas two instead. Cardinal Coach Don

Coryell took it and Jones had his touchdown three plays later.

It is Dallas' style, despite the superb competitive instincts Roger Staubach exhibits as field general, for Landry to call the plays from the sideline. Staubach would prefer to do the job himself. "Two years ago I called the plays and the game was more fun for me," he said Saturday. "Now it's just mechanical. I have to study defenses, know my keys and know personnel, but I don't know which play is going to be called or when."

In Washington, Dallas faces a team with the same qualities that St. Louis exhibited Sunday—a strong defense and resourceful passing. But Staubach does not care who calls the plays as long as the Cowboys can get by the Redskins.

"It's hard to beat the satisfaction a lot of us have had on this team," he says. "Once you've gotten to the Super Bowl and won it, that's the ultimate. We've been there twice, and won it once. Now there will be a lot of satisfaction just getting to the playoffs. It's not automatic anymore. We're in a dogfight. We're not a dominating football team, just a good one like a lot of others." How good, the Cowboys will find out this week.

—RON REID



METCALF: THE MAN FOR ALL REASONS

The Sabres' cutting edge

A slump turns unwanted attention to Buffalo's formerly sharp defense



After a brief but giddy reign as the NHL's hottest team, the Buffalo Sabres found themselves in a slump last week, and accusing fingers were being pointed at the club's defensemen. The indicted, four youthful bruisers named Jim Schoenfeld, Jerry Korab, Jocelyn Guevremont and Bill Hagt, were surprised that anybody even recognized them. It was not that they are hard to miss; they are the league's biggest defense corps, each at least 6'2" and 200 pounds. Yet as Korab observed, "Everybody took us for granted when we were playing well."

The Sabres had skated off to one of the best starts in NHL history, winning their first eight games and 16 of 20. They were beating everybody by the average score of about 5-2, leading the league in both goals scored and fewest yielded. It being a sports axiom that having the fives is more exciting than having the twos, everybody got all worked up over the explosive Buffalo offense, especially over the French Connection, that swift-skating line of Center Gilbert Perreault and Wingers Richard Martin and René Robert. When the Connection rested, there was always somebody, usually 21-year-old Forward Danny Gare, a 5'9" second-year man who was merely leading the NHL in goals scored, to step in.

The defensemen, meanwhile, were experiencing a sense of shared neglect. Bobby Orr aside, defensemen are not glamorous creatures, being less concerned with scoring than with protecting their own goaltender and whisking the puck away from his doorstep. Since the French Connection is not renowned for vigorous backchecking and because Goalties Gerry Desjardins and Roger Crozier have oftentimes been shaky, these workaday defensive tasks are especially important to the Sabres. Last year the Buffalo defensemen discharged their duties admirably, contributing to a surprisingly strong showing by the young team that ended with a six-game loss to the Philadelphia Flyers in the Stanley Cup finals.

And the Buffalo Four started off this season even more strongly. Schoenfeld, the Sabres' 23-year-old captain, was for-

ever sprawling in the path of enemy shots, a brooding, redhaired stud in human sacrifice. The fiercely mustachioed Korab, 27, playing on the same shift with Schoenfeld, squished rivals against the boards with sufficient abandon to justify his nickname of "King Kong." Guevremont and Hagt, both 24 and teamed on another shift, worked more quietly, Guevremont excelling in firing the puck out of the Sabre zone, Hagt in subtleties of the defenseman's art, like lightning-fast poke checks and the proficient use of the elbows.

For all their efforts, the Buffalo Four's customary reward was to sit unattended in the Sabre locker room after a game while sportswriters and assorted well-wishers swarmed around the forwards who had poured in the goals. A case in point was the big 5-1 win over Montreal last month in Buffalo's Memorial Auditorium. In that game the fired-up Canadians, off to their strongest start in years, jumped to a 1-0 lead, only to have the starch taken out of them by Schoenfeld's and Korab's determined checking. But Gare and Perreault had scored two goals apiece, and they were the ones everybody wanted to talk to. As the reporters streamed into the dressing room the defensemen made a ceremony of directing traffic, saying, "You'll find the forwards back there."

But their relative anonymity, annoying though the defensemen found it, was certainly better than what followed. The Sabres' difficulties began two weeks ago on a West Coast trip, and before anybody knew it the team had won just two of the next seven games. There were a couple of ties in that span and, thanks to their earlier blitz, the Sabre record remained a satisfying 17-5-3, leaving them still securely ahead of Boston in the Adams Division. And there seemed little seriously wrong. A quick diagnosis pointed to the French Connection, which was suffering a mild drought with only one goal in four games. That prompted Coach Floyd Smith to break up the line for one game, "just for a little change." Reunited, the Connection scored three goals in two games, swelling its season's haul to 40 and maintaining good position to duplicate last year's almost indecent 131. Meanwhile, the cherub-faced Gare, scoring goals here and there, had

Eyes snap to the penalty box do not prevent Captain Jim Schoenfeld (top) from trying to inspire such teammates as King Kong Korab

PHOTOGRAPH

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HOCKEY *continued*

raised his league-leading total to 20. "I feel a little funny up there with guys like Lafleur and Dionne," he confessed.

That left the Sabres' low-profile defense responsible for the team's malaise. The first sign of trouble was an 8-3 drubbing by the Kings in Los Angeles. Even more embarrassing was what happened when the Sabres arrived in Landover, Md. last Wednesday night to play the Washington Capitals, whose name is usually prefaced by the word "lowly." Buffalo fired shots from all over the ice, only to have Washington rookie Goaltie Bernie Wolfe repel them as though he were Bernie Parent. Meanwhile, Wolfe's teammates, not usually inclined to take such liberties, were slipping past Sabre defensemen for breakaways. It took a last-period goal by Korab to salvage a 4-4 tie.

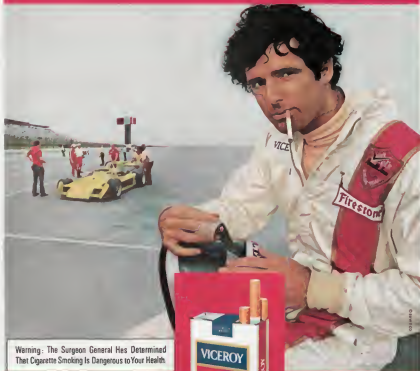
Suddenly, it was Buffalo's defense, not the French Connection, that was in the limelight. "I was one of the stars of the game all right—for Washington," grumbled Schoenfeld. Noting that the Sabres were to play the New York Rangers the next night in Buffalo, their first home game in 11 days, Hajt said, "Tonight was a defenseman's nightmare. It'll be good to get back to our own rink."

But the Ranger game yielded only another tie, a wide-open 6-6 standoff that featured everything but defense. Both starting goalies had to be removed during that game, Buffalo's Crozier with the flu, New York's Dunc Wilson with an appendicitis attack that required surgery the next morning. Phil Esposito, more or less recovered from a sprained ankle suffered after his trade from Boston (SI, Nov. 24), scored two goals, giving him seven in eight appearances as a Ranger. The Buffalo Four? They had trouble all night getting the puck out of their end, their best pass by far occurring after the game, when Schoenfeld flung a shampoo bottle the length of the dressing room to Korab.

As the Sabre defensemen continued to struggle, their sins were clear enough. They were straying from the goal to battle for loose pucks in the corners, a risky business best left to forwards, and they were allowing themselves to be caught far up ice. Buffalo General Manager Punch Imlach, who built the five-year-old expansion club into a powerhouse, complained, "The defensemen are trying to be damn forwards. We've got forwards, guys who can score. That's the trouble,

continued

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HOCKEY continued

when you're a freewheeling team, it's contagious. Everybody wants to get into the act."

The fact that the Sabres are freewheeling is entirely Imlach's doing. A brusque, irreverent sort who covers his bald pate with one of his two dozen beaver hats, Imlach once selected an imaginary Japanese player named Taro Tsujimoto in the 11th round of the NHL draft, and went so far as to assign his phantom pick a locker. As for his first-round choices, these were used in the early years for the flashy likes of Perrenault and Martin. Imlach pretty much shunned purely defensive prospects, reasoning, "We have to sell the team to new fans, and a dull defensive game isn't going to do it."

Only when the Sabres were safely on their high-scoring way did Imlach turn his attention to defense. The present crew arrived over a three-year period: Hajt and Schoenfeld through the draft, Korab and Guevremont in trades. Schoenfeld has been the team's leader almost from the start of his tenure, hollering out advice to the other Sabres, even from the penalty box, which he regularly inhabits. He also is a folk-rock singer of local reputation but distinguishes between the two albums he has cut by forthrightly cautioning, "Get the newest one. The first is awful."

Imlach insisted the other day that, problems of the moment notwithstanding, Buffalo's defensemen were "close to the best, if not the best, in the league." Then last weekend the Sabres split with the New York Islanders on successive nights. On Saturday Buffalo extended its mastery over the New York team to 17 straight in a 4-2 game played at Long Island's Nassau Coliseum. The victory came despite the fact that the home team had peppered Sabre goalie Desjardins with a club-record 53 shots. Then, back home the following night, Desjardins' once-faithful defensemen were again no more in evidence than Taro Tsujimoto as Buffalo was shut out for the second time in two weeks, 3-0.

Nevertheless, Jerry Korab predicted that both the Sabres' and the Buffalo Four's slumps were temporary aberrations, soon to be ended. "We can't get down on ourselves," King Kong said. "If we keep on trying, we'll be playing well again." If this means directing traffic again in the dressing room, Korab and the other defensemen are no longer likely to mind.

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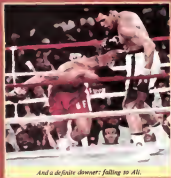
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Ali before I get to him again

by GEORGE FOREMAN
with EDWIN SHRAKE

CONTINUED

First, let me tell you some truths. Let's go all the way back to Africa, to the ring at Zaire in October of 1974. Me and Muhammad Ali for the heavyweight championship, with the whole world watching us. That's where all this mess came to a climax. Then I'll tell you the rest of it, what went on before and after and how I plan to get the title back. Man, I really *hate* not being the champion.

The trouble wasn't that I was too strong, like everybody said, but that I was too confident. I thought I would knock out Ali no matter what he did or anybody else did. I thought that if he put his gloves up over his face, I could hit him on the gloves and knock that monkey out. It's funny, but in Africa was the first time I truly believed I could punch. Forget about all those guys I knocked out when I was working my way up, or the terrible beating I laid on Joe Frazier in Jamaica, with six knockdowns in two rounds. Or how easy I knocked out Ken Norton. Until Africa it all seemed like a sort of magic to me.

I would be in some real hard fight, and all of a sudden I would look down and my opponent would be on the floor. I'd say, "Whew, *there it is!*" But with Ali, I didn't take him seriously in any way. The man can't hit, just plays a pitty-pat game. I believed that I could walk in there and load up on him and clean him out quick. I believed in the punches of George Foreman. No need for the boxing, no need for the magic.

I got into the ring and I looked over at Ali with no feeling at all—except that I had to finish him off in a hurry.

First round. I just about tore his head off with a punch. But then I thought, "Oh, no, something's wrong here." I couldn't feel that punch vibrate down through my legs. There wasn't any magic in it. But still, he was hurt, and I grabbed at him and got ready to do my thing. And then the crowd all yelled, "Booooo!"

I thought, "Well, they don't like this, maybe I'm doing wrong." So I stepped back and jabbed him, instead. Then I understood all of Ali's prefight propaganda. It was to make him the hometown favorite. You know, like in a pro football game a guy will catch a touchdown pass in front of the home crowd, and they go crazy, and he dances in the end zone as long as he wants. But if he catches the same pass someplace else, it's a *different* feeling.

It was hard for me to get myself up. I would go after Ali,

and he would run to the ropes and cover up his chin. I hit him some good body shots, but I was after his head, and I couldn't figure out why I wasn't reaching him.

The idea of the ropes around a ring is that they are supposed to be tight up and down the body. If you lay on the ropes, pretty soon you will have to fight or run. Well, Ali had his back on the ropes and my toes were right up against his, but his people had loosened the top rope so that he could lean way back. To hit him in the head, I had to wing my punches. They didn't have any velocity when they got way out there. I would hurt Ali with a body punch, and he

would go to talking like he does when he's in real pain. "You got nothing, George. . . . Show me something. . . ."

What I needed most right then was the thunder of my corner. They must check with their brains and do some scheming. But they had gotten spoiled. For a long time all they had to do was to wind me up and have the road open. Now they had their big money and they seemed to be thinking, "Well, so what? If this doesn't work out, he'll still be a top fighter." They told me to keep on moving in, to have no respect for Ali. They told me I'd get him. Looking at the films later, I could see no reason why they should have told me that.

By the third round I was so tired I could barely walk. I'm a good boxer. I can move, jab, protect myself. I

know the ring. Any time those guys wanted to tell me to change my tactics, they could have. But no. It was "Go get him, George!" I decided on my own to start moving and jabbing. My punches had become mean, angry punches, the kind that don't have real force. I was weak and wild and uncoordinated.

He caught me in the eighth round as I was turning off the ropes. It was a combination on the button. I thought, "Son of a gun! He caught me. Off-balance and going down! From a cat that can't even punch!" I spun around and my hands were on the floor.

God dawg! I was down! My ego was hurt and I was embarrassed. But my brain was clear. I figured, "Well, now, this is my chance. I've been trying to get that monkey into an *exchange* all night, and he's scared to do it. Now he'll be coming in to try to cool me, and all I need is to hit him one time." I looked at my corner, at Dick Sadler, my manager. I could hear the count. One . . . two Sadler motioned



Tigers don't make any false moves; you can learn from them.

for me to stay down. I heard . . . seven, eight and Sadler said to get up. I did, and there was a lot of commotion in the ring. I thought the bell must have rung. I walked to my corner and found out that the fight was all over.

The next day I asked Sadler how come he had told me to stay down.

"I was looking at the fight," he said.

"You told me to stay down."

"I couldn't hear the count."

"Why not?"

"You weren't doing so good, anyhow," he said.

As the champion of the world, I deserved every right to get up. They let Joe Frazier get up in Jamaica and showed him every consideration as the champion. But my own manager tells me he couldn't hear the count.

"If you thought I was bad off, you should have thrown in the towel," I said. "Don't let me take no knockout on no floor like that."

Those were the last words Sadler and I ever spoke on the subject. After that fight I would never work with him again.

It wasn't a question of firing the man. I hire people to work for one fight at a time, anyway, and at the end we can walk away or stay together. But there you go—Sadler went to work for Ali before the Manila fight with Frazier. He's one of Ali's trainers now. And I'm not so much frustrated as I am sorry.

So that was the fight, and the title. But let's go back now just a little bit further. I should have flown right out of Africa soon as I got my eye cut. Even if it would have cost me \$20 million, I should have left that place. About a week before the big fight I was sparring against one of my partners. I knocked him into the ropes, and he threw up an elbow to defend himself. I felt something wet in my right eye.

"I'm cut," I told Sadler.

"You O.K. Forget it," he said.

"Man, I'm cut!" I said.

I got out of the ring and we put a butterfly tape on the cut to hold it together. This official, he was the head of the boxing program for the country of Zaïre, came in. He told Sadler not to say anything about the accident. The official wanted us to go ahead like nothing had ever happened. He was scared of what a postponement might do to the pro-

motion. As far as this man was concerned, I could stitch up my eye and go right ahead with the fight. It was hard to believe that my manager was just sitting there listening and nodding at that nonsense.

"Get up. Don't let him tell you what to say," I said to Sadler. "I'm not gonna fight Ali with a cut eye. I'm the champion. I've earned more respect than that. I want to fly to Paris and get myself healed up."

Right then is when I should have left. But Don King and some of the other promoters came around and asked me to stay in Africa. They told me it would have a terrible effect

on all the closed-circuit TV distributors and exhibitors around the world if I was to leave the country.

But if that wasn't bad enough, I also started getting this spooky feeling that I wouldn't be *allowed* to leave. Everywhere I went a dozen guys with guns were all around me, pushing people out of the way. I'd walk from one house to another in our compound in N'Sele, and here'd come all these cats with guns—*click, click, click*. It was a very strange thing. When I was a kid in Houston the cops would roust me on the street and say, "Hey, boy, don't you make no move or it'll be your last." But I always knew then that if they turned their heads I'd break and be gone. I always had freedom on my mind. But in Africa there were so many strange things going on that I kind

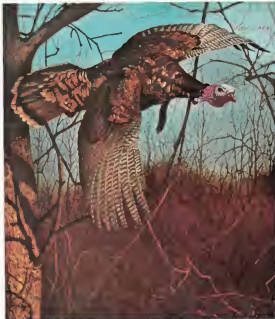
of got swallowed up in all of it. I lost control of my own situation.

It was a weird experience. Of all the terrible times for this to have to happen. Here it was, the biggest fight of my career, and for 10 days during the postponement I couldn't run because I couldn't let sweat get in my eye. Later, when I could run, I ran for miles and miles trying to put myself back in shape, which was very bad. And now here I was rushing myself toward my peak instead of building to it. And I still couldn't box for fear of reopening the eye. That was the best thing that happened to Ali when we were in Africa—the fact that I had to get ready for the fight without being able to box.

You ever have the feeling that maybe you're about to be assassinated? Maybe not but, man, that's how it was in that compound. Soldiers with guns walked through my house day and night, drinking beer, cussing, throwing beer cans on the floor, waving beer over my food. And then, a few



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FOREMAN *continued*

days before the fight, my own personal cook popped out with an awful rash. His eyes got so puffed up that he had to wear dark glasses, and his hands got all swollen like a monster's. We never did find out what was wrong with him. I had to do my own cooking from then on.

I love most animals, but I can't stand mice and, man, I really *hate* lizards. I woke up one morning in N'Sele with a lizard hanging right over my bed and a bunch of drunk soldiers yelling in the next room. I waited for that old lizard to make his move. Soon as he did, I rolled over and out of bed and rolled straight out of N'Sele and into the hotel in town.

Then I began having odd weak spells. I told Archie Moore, my adviser, that I felt all wrong, and Archie said for me to drink two raw eggs in my orange juice every day. I did it, but I got weaker. As the fight got close and I could box again, I'd work a couple of rounds, and Sadler would say, "That's enough, George. You're too strong already."

There has been some word around that maybe I was doped in Africa. It's hard for me to say if that is true, but I will say that everything possible was tried in that country to keep me from winning. When I saw what was going on over there, the thought hit me: if they have enough nerve to be doing these things to me, they must know I ain't got a chance in this place, or else how would they dare to treat me this way? It's a big promotion, and it looks like they might want a rematch someday if they've got any sense. But they didn't seem to be worried about a rematch.

The *they* I am talking about is a lot of people on every side of the promotion. Even people who were supposed to be my people. I know for sure that my guys quit scuffling in my behalf.

But still, much of the fault was negligence on my part. I was the general. I had the opportunity to make my people perform as I wanted them to. But when you're weak and confused, you rely too much on the advice of those close to you. Man, I really got messed up over there.

And when I got home, well, I traveled around some, looking for something to get interested in, but it was hard to find a real good reason to get out of bed. It looked like Ali wouldn't give me a rematch and I had nothing to do. I had very few friends. I had put myself into being lonely.

Then Henry Winston, a promoter,

came to me with an idea that he had got from Marvin Gaye, the singer. The idea was that I would fight five guys on the same night. Three rounds each. And at the end I would be challenged by a big fighter of Gaye's named Mandingo. I said fine.

Winston located the opponents, good names, tough guys, too, like Boone Kirkman and Terry Daniels. I was happy about it. I picked up a 600-pound steer of mine to pose for a picture, and they printed it in *Pro* magazine and it went out all over the UPI wire. That was to show I was still strong. And I went back to work. Every day in the gym I fought as many different guys as they would let me. But Winston was having trouble finding a place for the exhibition.

Don King wanted in. He said he could get TV and I could have the show in Toronto. I said O.K., just so long as Winston was involved. Eventually King forced Winston out of the deal, which was offensive to me. But I went into my brag thing, spent a lot of money and effort helping the promotion. This was an exhibition, remember, and you have to add a lot of things to an exhibition to keep people booing and yelling. Like saying, "I'll knock out five guys in one night." That's just about impossible. Look at all the exhibitions Ali has put on. Some of them were pretty silly.

So ABC-TV took the show. I would have gone ahead without the TV. Looking back on it, I wish I had. They brought in Ali and Howard Cosell to do the talking on television, and they made a mockery of the whole thing. Ali was jiving, acting like an idiot, and I started jiving back at him. Cosell was saying the show was a discredit to boxing, and how could George Foreman sink so low? If that's right, how could Cosell sink so low as to take the money for talking about it?

After all, it was an exhibition. I got hurt a couple of times and I knocked some guys out—which was kind of amazing—but the scuffling that went on in the ring after the bell, most of that was all put on. I told Terry Daniels, "Come on, pop me some more." We didn't hit each other in the face after the bell. And there was Ali, screaming like a clown.

Well, Ali makes some very dumb jokes about some serious things. Take, for instance, that joke he calls "rope-a-dope" out of the fight in Zaire. In Zaire, Ali leaned back against that loose top rope so far that one time one of his men had

to climb up on the apron and push the rope forward or else Ali might have gone clean out of the ring.

I didn't see Ali's last fight with Frazier, but I knew Ali would take a beating. Eddie Futch, Frazier's manager, he's a smart man. His fighter is a hooker, and Futch would see to it that those ropes were tight. I know what Joe Frazier is. He's a good fighter. I had to contend with him myself. Some people said Ali hurt Frazier so bad in their first fight that Joe didn't have nothing left for me, which is why I knocked him out so fast. That's ridiculous. Just some more foolishness. Look at what Joe has done to Ali since then.

Ali has got those nicely curved brows so he doesn't cut easy. But now he is getting cut, getting hit powerful hard. If I have 20 more fights, I won't take nearly half the punishment Ali does with his rope-a-dope when the ropes are tight and legal.

Here's another thing. The urine specimens disappeared after our fight in Africa. I complained to the World Boxing Association and the World Boxing Council, and they said that the bottles had been shipped here, shipped there, and I said O.K.—I knew it was no use. Well, Ali has got to pay for these things. I mean, pay. At our next fight there will be some grudgey. I mean combat.

I'm plenty used to combat; that's the way I started out in life. When I knocked out Joe Frazier and became the heavyweight champion of the world at 24, it was a proud moment. I had worked hard for that. It had only been eight years since I dropped out of junior high school in Houston. I quit even though I loved to play football because I found too much stuff to do on the street—and you couldn't play football unless you went to school. I wasn't interested in school, and school lost interest in me. I wanted to get on the street and hang around. Trouble was always around me. Where I walked, it seems like that's where trouble stood.

The first day I started to E. O. Smith Junior High School, I was so scared I ran down the back streets all the way to school and then ran home down the back streets after school. I did that my whole first year. The second year I knew why kids would run down the back streets. I was the reason.

I got to drinking wine about that time. In the afternoon we would hang out and

drink. I really got strung out on that wine. It would change my personality. When I had been drinking wine, I would even jump on my friends. You stayed away from me unless you were really curious about trouble. Me and a guy named Nicholas and another guy named Charles started mugging people. We made our money that way. I would be the one who grabbed the guy and Nick would help me throw him down and Charles would get the wallet. We had to watch Nick because he carried a weapon, like a knife or an ice pick. In fact, once we stopped Nick from stabbing a guy who fought back too hard, so we knew he would do it, and we didn't want a murder.

One night we had mugged a guy. We left him on the sidewalk yelling, "Come back!" We were walking along, counting the money, and a police car pulled up across the street. I ran underneath a house that was built up on bricks, like they do them in Houston. I covered myself with mud under there. I figured the police would bring German shepherds, and dogs can't smell through water. I saw the police lights go by and heard the cars. I laid for hours under that house, seeing those lights and hearing those cars. When it was safe, I ran home with mud messed all over me.

My mother Nancy was the boss of our house. There were four boys and three girls, and my daddy didn't live with us after I was three or four. I don't remember him living there at all. Mama was very strict on religion. She's a Baptist, worked too hard to go to church herself, but she believed in plenty of praying and talking. If you did something wrong, she'd say, "You better get in there and pray, boy!" I took a lot of my strength from her. My daddy, J.D., he's a wonder. Man, people love to come and talk to him. If he was pleased with me, he used to say, "There he is, George Foreman, the heavyweight champion of the world." That stuck with me. It truly did.

I went through a bunch of counseling. The main question they never asked me, the question you ought to ask a kid, or even a grownup, is: "Who do you secretly admire?" Might be an international figure, might be somebody in the neighborhood. It gives a look into a person. I happened to see some TV commercials about the Job Corps made by Johnny Unitas and Jim Brown. Those guys were my heroes. Jim Brown and Johnny Unitas said on TV to join the Job

continued

Corps, and I could get myself noticed.

The Job Corps sent me from Houston to Hayward, Calif., where Doc Broadus urged me into boxing. I won the Olympic heavyweight championship when I was 19. Funny thing, after that there was a big gap between me and guys my own age. They'd be going off to parties, and I decided that I wouldn't drink or smoke or go to parties. I started being a loner. After I turned pro I might be in New York for a fight, and I would walk the streets by myself and eat dinner by myself and sleep by myself. I was scared of meeting girls because I had been warned of the traps I could get into.

My best friend was a Doberman pinscher who was killed by a car while we were running on the highway in Houston three months before the title fight with Frazier. I have been looking for the right dog to replace him. I've got nine German shepherds now, one a world champion from Germany.

I had always wanted a lion because he is the king of beasts. So I got me a lion now. Never dreamed I'd look out my door and see a lion! I also have four horses and a bull at my house in Livermore. I love to watch that old bull walk around with all his muscles. Then an animal trainer told me about the tiger—how a tiger is a natural fighter, never takes a step more than necessary. I bought a tiger to learn from it. One thing, you have to have yourself together to sit down and pet a tiger. The tiger looks right through you, and if you are even a little bit nervous, you are betrayed.

So here I am. And if it's true that I wasn't blessed with all the maturity I needed, I'm doing all right. I have a \$250,000 home in Houston, another home in Houston for my mother, a \$250,000 home in Livermore, where I train, some annuities and about 10 cars. There's a 32-foot mobile home, a Rolls-Royce convertible, a custom-built Lincoln Continental, a high-class sports car called an Escalibur, two Mercedes, two Pintos, a Capri, a pickup truck, one Cadillac. The Cadillac is for my mother, so that really leaves me with 10.

Nobody drives the cars. I'm the kind of guy that people don't touch my stuff. But I know that with maturity I won't need to hang onto all these worldly goods for security. I feel that I am about as the place now where I can get rid of all those vehicles. Well, maybe I will keep the mobile home, the truck, the Rolls, a Mer-

cedes or two, my mother's Cadillac for sure. There I go again, back up!

I've decided to hit the road again, get back to fighting. Jim Brown, the movie star and great athlete, has got with me, and we've been working with promoter Jerry Perenchio, and he came up with Ron Lyle as an opponent on Jan. 24 at Caesars Palace in Las Vegas. My trainer is now Kid Rapidez, also known as Alfredo Cruz, from Cuba. I liked the way he took Jose Napoles to the welterweight title. Gil Clancy supervises my training. He's had some good fighters, Emile Griffith and Ralph (Tiger) Jones and Jerry Quarry—he knows what people think they have to do to beat me. It really feels good to be back and to be working.

It felt good for my first comeback fight a couple of weeks ago, standing in the ring in my red-white-and-blue trunks and all. And then the announcer called me George Frazier. He felt embarrassed about it, but I gave him this great big smile, and the audience laughed along with us, and everything felt right. I could feel the folks with me right then.

I won big, too. In two rounds of hard fighting, I could tell that my whole life has changed. Man, I was back in the ring again and it was all different, like I want it to be: all clean and sharp and a good job done. Like a lumberjack chopping down a tree and not leaving any mess.

Maybe you didn't even read about the fight. I mean, there was no TV and the newspapers didn't fall all over themselves to cover it. But I fought a tough young guy named Jody Ballard, 202 pounds and a 22-3 record. We fought in the Concord resort up in the New York Catskills and I gave all my money share to the U.S. Olympic fund. It wasn't no exhibition. It was a flat, all-out *bout*.

First round I screened everything else out. There was no audience sound, no nothing except the sound of Clancy's voice coming from my corner and my own voice inside my head that night. "Put the punches together. You can do it, George. That's it." And I knocked Ballard down in one and took him out in two. "Don't look *unkilled*," I told myself. "Quality, quality. You're a *work-moo*, George." Once, Ballard went to the ropes like Ali did in Zaire, and I rared my back to let him have it—and I could hear Clancy's voice cutting clear through everything. "Oh, no!" he said. "Don't!" And I didn't. I eased my jab and I didn't drop my right hand, and I got patient

and wanted for my opponent to come off the ropes. "That's it, George," I said. And when Clancy's voice wasn't in my ear, it was my own. "Don't jump him now, George. You were going to jump on him. Well, don't. Uh, uh, no. Get smooth. *That's it!*" And down he went.

I helped to pick him up and I got to thinking, "I did a crisp job." I could have whaled away. But I had called inside to myself and said, "Remember that lumberjack taking down that tree. Don't look back and find out that you left a leaf on the tree."

I stood there with the ring announcer (this time he got my name right), and I made a little talk about how we should all support our Olympic athletes. We all come from the U.S. and we should show our allegiance. I waved at everybody and they waved back at me, and Clancy and Kid Rapidez was there, and I felt like I had a boxing family at last, my people all around me, people who are going to help me get the title back. Now I can be happy boxing. I can do it. The people I'm working with are helping me with the rest of it, teaching me more tactics and especially teaching me to be patient while I'm in the ring. Every day I'm feeling more and more like a pro, like I'm the top contender.

And I'm not going to talk up everything all crazy, like Ali does. You don't know this about Ali, but I'll tell you now. We're in a strange, foreign place, and Ali is talking on and on and shouting and yelling and waving his arms about how great it is and how he *loves* the place and he really *loves* the people, and he wouldn't be any other place in the whole world. They love him and oh, how he loves them. He'll be saying it like this—"Blah, blah, blah, *love it*," and then he'll turn his head toward me and say out of the side of his mouth, low, "Man, I'll see you in *Chicago*."

What Ali really wants is he wants out of there, wherever it is, but nobody but us other fighters knows this. You won't hear me carrying on like that.

I hope to have another fight before Lyle in Las Vegas—not an exhibition but a real bout again—and I want to do it clean again. I want to be like that man running the jackhammer on the street, don't a job. Or like the man who smooths out that concrete—I want to look back and not see any ripples or messy spots in that fresh concrete.

The patient part is hard, I'll admit.

continued

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Sometimes I get tired of waiting for Ali to make his move when I'm here and I'm ready. Sometimes I feel like I just ought to pick up the phone and call him. Wouldn't that be something?

You know—I'd pick up the phone and call Chicago. And I'd make my voice real high, like this, and I'd say, "This here is *Susie* calling." Or some name like that. That would get him right to the phone. "This is *Susie* and I want to talk to *Ali*," He'd come running.

"Susie?" he'd say.

And then I'd go back to my own voice, maybe drop it a little bit lower, like this, and I'd say, "This here is *George*, man. And me and you are gonna *fight*, man."

The thing is he'd do it, too, if we could just set it up that way. That's how we set up the fight in Zaire. Me and him talked on the phone one day and we said we were gonna fight, and we turned everybody else loose on it and they set it up.

Meantime, I'm getting more ready every day.

I get up about seven o'clock, go out

and pet my hon and my tiger, play with my dogs and run five miles or so in the hills around Livermore. (Texas is home to me, always will be, but the climate in Houston is no good for training. You get up at four a.m. to run and it's already 80°.) Then I have some beef broth, maybe some boiled eggs, relax until about 1:45 p.m., then head for workouts in my gym. Back home about six p.m. Eat a good dinner—like a whole baked chicken—always with three different vegetables. Watch TV. Force myself to go to bed about 10:30.

Instead of just waiting for Ali, I'm going to go right on fighting, and maybe the fans will force him to meet me. Who else could they really accept? I don't know when I'll get another shot at him, but I hope it will be soon, before somebody else knocks him off. I really come as close to disliking Ali as I care to get, considering that I don't believe in hating anyone. There was one offer of \$5.5 million for him and \$4.5 million for me. The money was deposited in a Muslim

bank in Chicago. Ali wouldn't touch it. He wanted to go on fighting weaker contenders. That fight they called the "thmla in Manila"—Ali could have had it with me for more money than he got against Frazier.

People who know boxing know something strange happened in Zaire. A lot of people saw it, and don't believe it. I lived through it, and put it together in my mind. The next time, I'm going to have my own new team in my corner that is setting up for our own good instead of everybody for himself. I've learned that much.

I'm egotistical. I liked being the champion. Loved it. That's sports, and it's great to be known as the best. I've learned a lot of things that will help me. They'll help me to be the heavyweight champion for a long time.

Someday I would like to retire and take it easy with my family all around me. I'd like to be a good American. But I want to do that by being a fighter. I sure don't want no job.

END

"Other people have analysis," he says with an easy smile. "I have Utah."



That's the "mentholated tornado" himself, Robert Redford, talking about his adopted home in a recent issue of PEOPLE Magazine. In the same issue, Groucho threw an 85th birthday party for himself, three U.S. oilmen signed a paper that transferred Sinai oil wells from Israel to Egypt, the mother of the late poet Sylvia Plath published "loving" letters from her daughter, and a son helped free the convicted murderers of his father.

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A man wearing a white cap and a light-colored jacket is looking down at a woman. The woman is wearing a white headband, a white crop top, and white shorts. She is holding a tennis racket with both hands. They are both smiling. The background is a plain, light color.

TWO-LOVE LAS VEGAS

There was a time when a playboy would bound into the drawing room and shout, "Tennis anyone?" But today tennis is not exclusively for millionaires and is just one of the activities you may enjoy in Las Vegas.

There was a time when Las Vegas was also considered an exclusive resort for only the very wealthy.

That's changed too. Nine million visitors will vacation there this year, enjoying luxury accommodations at very moderate prices as well as tennis, golf and other sporting attractions.

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2 ozs. Aalborg $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. dry vermouth
Stir with ice. Serve straight up or on the rocks with an
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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Dec. 5-7

PRO BASKETBALL—**NBA** Philadelphia's Bob Pettit, for the rest of the season's early season scoring legation, 49.77 points of New York. The next night against Kansas City, George McGinnis was high man with 28 on the New York 98-84 win after the Atlanta Dream. Buffalo had 108-104 in the seventh defeat in its first night matchup. Boston scored 104 in Philadelphia as Daniel O'Connell scored 44 in 104-73 win from New Orleans and 24 in the Celtics' 104-73 win from Atlanta. Atlanta remained in the Central Division lead. The Bulls topped a four-game losing streak by defeating the Atlanta 107-104 as Paul Pierce scored 15 and 22 points in the final quarter to erase a nine-point deficit. Houston won its third game of the week 89-79. Where Detroit, Mike Neuse scoring a season-high 34 points. The night before, Boston's Steve Alford scored 34, and a career-high 30 points in pacing Miami's leader. Detroit's 103-91 defeat of Houston. The two California teams continued to battle for the Pacific lead. Los Angeles remained in the lead, 104-91, while the Lakers lost 110-110. The Warriors, with 18 first-time points from Jamaal Wilkes, defeated Seattle 104-94 to improve their lead over the 4-4 class. The San Diego Clippers beat Seattle 105-106 as Los Angeles defeated Washington 114-109.

AFL The Tampa Bay Buccaneers solidified their place in the South of the NFL. In the first game of the season, they defeated the Tampa Bay Buccaneers 27-10. The Buccaneers, led by Mike Mulari, first high school player since 1949 to join the pros, finished the outcome of the NFL. The league was struggling with the season's first game with Tampa being the first team with a losing record. However, the Buccaneers' first game was a 20-10 win over the Tampa Bay Buccaneers. The Buccaneers, led by Mike Mulari, first high school player since 1949 to join the pros, finished the outcome of the NFL. The league was struggling with the season's first game with Tampa being the first team with a losing record. However, the Buccaneers' first game was a 20-10 win over the Tampa Bay Buccaneers.

BORING JOHN SIBBURY of England won the 1978-79 championship in the 1978-79 season. He won the title in 1978-79, 1979-80, 1980-81, 1981-82, 1982-83, 1983-84, 1984-85, 1985-86, 1986-87, 1987-88, 1988-89, 1989-90, 1990-91, 1991-92, 1992-93, 1993-94, 1994-95, 1995-96, 1996-97, 1997-98, 1998-99, 1999-00, 2000-01, 2001-02, 2002-03, 2003-04, 2004-05, 2005-06, 2006-07, 2007-08, 2008-09, 2009-10, 2010-11, 2011-12, 2012-13, 2013-14, 2014-15, 2015-16, 2016-17, 2017-18, 2018-19, 2019-20, 2020-21, 2021-22, 2022-23, 2023-24, 2024-25, 2025-26, 2026-27, 2027-28, 2028-29, 2029-30, 2030-31, 2031-32, 2032-33, 2033-34, 2034-35, 2035-36, 2036-37, 2037-38, 2038-39, 2039-40, 2040-41, 2041-42, 2042-43, 2043-44, 2044-45, 2045-46, 2046-47, 2047-48, 2048-49, 2049-50, 2050-51, 2051-52, 2052-53, 2053-54, 2054-55, 2055-56, 2056-57, 2057-58, 2058-59, 2059-60, 2060-61, 2061-62, 2062-63, 2063-64, 2064-65, 2065-66, 2066-67, 2067-68, 2068-69, 2069-70, 2070-71, 2071-72, 2072-73, 2073-74, 2074-75, 2075-76, 2076-77, 2077-78, 2078-79, 2079-80, 2080-81, 2081-82, 2082-83, 2083-84, 2084-85, 2085-86, 2086-87, 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Edited by GAY FLOOD

ON TOP

Sir:

When I first saw the cover of your Dec. 1 issue I was angry and depressed. I thought surely your famous kiss of death had been placed on our beloved Hoosiers. But the No. 1 college basketball team of 1975-76 (and 1974-75) is too awesome to succumb to some silly superstition.

JEFF WEBB

Indianapolis

Sir:

Down here in Chapel Hill I think most people are happy with our "mysterious" coach and with the No. 8 rating you gave us. We're just letting back and smiling.

LINDSEY TATE

Chapel Hill, N.C.

Sir:

Who actually picks your NCAA basketball Top 20? Santa Claus? The Three Little Pigs? Last year Kentucky was not among your illustrious 20, yet the Wildcats finished second in the nation. I figured this year you would certainly include them.

DAVE SCHMIDT

Fort Mitchell, Ky.

Sir:

You failed to mention the Creighton Bluejays. Creighton had an impressive 20-7 record last year, appeared in the Top 20 and landed an NCAA regional playoff berth. I also noticed you picked Drake to be tops in the Missouri Valley. Creighton played the tough Bulldogs in its season opener. Final score: Creighton 84, Drake 63.

ANDY ROBINSON

Omaha

Sir:

Enough is enough. Will SI ever see the light and give the Syracuse University basketball team the credit it so richly deserves?

GARY MYERS
Sports Editor
Daily Orange

Syracuse, N.Y.

Sir:

After any preview issue of SI, I always wait with amusement for the 19th Hole in the following weeks so I can discover how you "blew it" and how Old PU is honestly the best bet for No. 1. There is no argument with your choice of the Hoosiers after their St. Louis debut; however, you did commit one personal foul. Adrian Dantley's 30.4

points-per-game average placed him second to the University of Richmond's Bob McCurdy (32.9), not David Thompson, who was third with 29.9.

RICK ST. CLAIR

New Hartford, N.Y.

Sir:

I want to compliment you on finally realizing that women's basketball is just as exciting as the men's game. Female athletes should receive equal recognition, and I hope that this issue marks the beginning.

MARILYN FREEL

Rock Hill, S.C.

ON GUARD

Sir:

In college basketball two words, guard and Providence, have become synonymous. Over the years the Friars have delivered a long line of outstanding ball handlers to the pros, ranging from Lenny Wilkens to Kevin Sta-com. However, in your article *They Can Do Everything* (Dec. 1) you make no mention of this year's Providence backcourt, which features Joey Hassett and Furman University transfer Bruce Grimm.

BARRY LAVAY

Charleston, Ill.

Sir:

It seems in your list of a "bumper bunch of do-it-allers" you skipped a guarded named Skip Brown of Wake Forest, who finished second only to David Thompson last season in the ACC scoring race with a 22.7-points-per-game average.

JAMES C. MARRY IV

Winston-Salem, N.C.

Sir:

In regard to your photos showing the true worth of the guard in basketball, one facet was left out, jumping ability. A likely candidate for this would have been 6'7" Bob Wilkerson of Indiana. He is such a good leaper that he jumps center in place of 6'11" Kent Benson. In the opener against UCLA he won both center jumps from the Bruins' 7'1 1/2" Ralph Drollinger.

JOE KINTZLE

South Bend, Ind.

OLYMPIAN DISPUTE

Sir:

In regard to the "Peace Conference" item in SCORECARD (Nov. 24), I can assure you that the IOC is in no way "all for the idea" of "direct supervision of the separate Olym-

pic sports by a subcommittee of a higher sports authority."

I have received a letter from Lord Killanin, president of the IOC, in which he says his views are in accord with mine. He states that the USOC should be like all other national Olympic committees and consist of representatives of governing bodies directly affiliated with international federations.

I might also add that the IOC did not send Mr. Daume to the hearing. He appeared at the invitation of the President's Commission, presumably to say something it wanted to hear.

JULIAN K. ROOSEVELT

Member

International Olympic Committee

Oyster Bay, N.Y.

COWGILL'S CRUSADE

Sir:

My compliments on your article *The Hunt to Save the Hanting* (Nov. 24) and to Bruce Cowgill on his dedication to wildlife conservation. His efforts are needed and appreciated by many. I hope every county and state will join Mr. Cowgill's crusade and endorse a program of "Acres for Wildlife."

DAVID M. KINCAID

Cicero, Ill.

HANGING IN

Sir:

Your article on the risks of hang gliding (*The Soaring Risk of Flying High*, Nov. 24) certainly made readers aware that hang-gliders expose themselves to possible injury. It might have tried to put the risk in perspective by estimating the number of flights made in a year (two per week for each of 10,000 pilots comes out to more than one million) and giving more emphasis to the actions being taken to minimize injuries. No injuries have been recorded from the thousands of hang-gliding flights that have been made at Yosemite National Park, but in the time it has been allowed there eight people have been killed while rock climbing in that park.

Hang gliding is an individual activity that can be done anywhere, so it does not lend itself to governmental regulation, which would drive the individualists back into the hills, away from the knowledge they need to make them safe pilots. The only thing that will make hang gliding safer is communicating the lessons others have learned the hard way to all pilots and newcomers. This we in the U.S. Hang Gliding Association are trying to do in our monthly magazine *Ground*

Slusser and through our Hang Rating Program for pilots. More and more flying sites are now controlled by the local hang-ghding organizations and businesses, so that only pilots with the appropriate Hang Rating are being allowed to fly from each launching point.

We have learned that the safe band of operating conditions for hang gliders is rather narrow, namely, wind between 5 mph and 20 mph, with gusts of less than 5 mph. Outside this range the risk increases significantly, so we urge pilots not to fly then.

Incidentally, the Third Annual U.S. National Hang Gliding Championships, held at Grandfather Mountain, Linville, N.C. were very successful. Dave Muehl of Inglewood, Calif. won the national champion's trophy. Top placers in the 1976 Nationals will comprise the U.S. team for the First World Hang Gliding Championships, to be held next September in Koenen, Austria.

LUOYD LIECH
Treasurer
USHGA

Los Angeles

NOMINATIONS

Sir:

New Zealand miler John Walker holds the most distinguished record in the history of sport. He is truly the Sportsman of the Year.

AL DELGUERDIO

Gainesville, Fla.

Sir:

There can be no Sportsman of the Year 1975, only an Event of the Year and that is the World Series.

RON JACKSON

Franklin, Ohio

Sir:

Pete Rose.

FRED TETTELBACH

Falls Church, Va.

Sir:

Joe Moegan.

DENNIS TOTEN

Rye, N.Y.

Sir:

Arthur Ashe.

SAMUEL CALDWELL JR

Baltimore

Sir:

Bobby Hull. Not only does he play hockey the way it is supposed to be played, he really cares what happens to the game.

CARLEEN DAUFORT

St. Paul

continued



THE MOORE COUNTY JAIL is only one of the sights you'll see in Lynchburg, Tennessee.

There's a lunchroom called The White Rabbit that used to be a turn-of-the-century saloon.

There's a store where they sell walking-sticks, whittling kits and Tennessee hams. And naturally there's Jack Daniel Distillery, where smooth-sippin'

Tennessee Whiskey is made. If you're down this way, we hope you'll plan to spend time in all our nice places. Excepting, of course, the Moore County Jail.



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BY DROP

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15TH HOLE

Sir:
How could it be anyone but Gordie Howe?

GREGG DONOVAN
Austin, Texas

Sir:
Bernie Parent.
Waynesboro, Va.

Sir:
Jack Nicklaus.
Newtownville, N.Y.

Sir:
Pelé.
Charleston, S.C.

Sir:
The man most responsible for the NBA
playoff miracle, Rick Barry.
Dallas

Sir:
Has anyone ever done as much for an en-
tire league as Dr. J?
Springfield, Va.

Sir:
Ernie's John Kirkland and Victor Ma-
lafione. Look what they have done for
sport.
Creve Coeur, Mo.

Sir:
Brian Oldfield.
Hyde Park, N.Y.

Sir:
Cheryl Tiegs. Your Jan. 27 cover said
it all.
Ivory Hills, N.Y.

SHOOTING FOR GOLD

Sir:
Joe Jaers has to be kidding when he says
U.S. domination in Olympic basketball com-
petition may be a thing of the past (Your
Goal Is Gold in '76, Nov. 24). We know the
U.S.S.R. did not really win in 1972, and
where were Bill Walton and/or Marvin
Bartley during that Olympic contest?

As for 1976, with Dean Smith coaching
and such possible players as Adrian Dan-
tley, Richard Washington, Kent Benson,
Bernard King and Bo Ellis, to name a few, I
don't foresee any problems for the U.S. Since
the Games are being held in Canada, there
will be many Americans on hand to support

continued

A lot of people are nuts about beautiful music but don't know beans about stereo equipment.

Help has arrived.

For everyone who's ever been bewitched, bothered, and bewildered by stereo components, Sony has created the SHP-70. A new system designed especially to eliminate the confusion, even sheer terror that befalls many an innocent component shopper.

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and bolts) a fine BSR 3-speed auto/manual turntable complete with a Shure M-75 magnetic cartridge and a smoked plastic dust cover. Plus anti-skating compensation and a cueing lever so you don't wreak havoc with your record collection.

Then you get the sound (and the fury, if you wish) of two 2-way acoustic suspension speakers.

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10TH HOLE roared

our team and bring this gold medal back where it belongs.

PETER MONTELA

Brooklyn

Sir:

Joe Jares' article has reinforced my contention that the Soviets will once again win the gold medal in basketball in '76. As he says, the Soviets have just completed playing against some of our best collegiate competition. Exposure to these teams has to have had a positive effect upon the Soviet program. But what have we gained from playing them? Olympic Coach Dean Smith has a plethora of obstacles to overcome if the U.S. is to regain the gold medal. He must be able to mold a handful of players who may never have played together before into a smooth, cohesive unit. He must strive to offset the Soviets' advantage of having played together for years. And he must be prepared to compensate for those players who are drafted by the pros. Until the time comes when we will be able to field our best team, I maintain that we are giving the upper hand to the Soviets.

KAVAN H. BEACH

Washington, D.C.

THE FAIRLEIGH DICKINSON WAY

Sir:

Your Nov. 10 story about Clyde Worthen, our 30-year-old wrestling champion (*Letter to the Editor of Fairleigh Dickinson*), does Fairleigh Dickinson University a service and a disservice. The ninth-largest independent university in the country does not need to respond to time-worn misperceptions of its significance in higher education. It is beneath our dignity, and that kind of reporting should have been beneath the dignity of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. We appreciate, however, your pointing out that there are opportunities for intercollegiate athletics at Fairleigh Dickinson not typically available at other institutions. We take pride in that policy. In fact, it is a fundamental part of the Fairleigh Dickinson personality to try to find places in the classroom or on the athletic field for those with the drive to succeed. We think that's what education and athletics are all about. Unfortunately, in labeling such athletes "oddball" you discourage other universities from following the lead of Fairleigh Dickinson. We consider that a disservice to our students, our university and intercollegiate athletics.

EARLE W. CHERTON

Vice President, University Resources

Fairleigh Dickinson University

Rutherford, N.J.

Address editorial mail to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, Tom & Lili Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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